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Walker Family File #4

Dear Ed - -

This Diary of Samuel Walker was evidently handwritten and difficult to read. Those who read it at Tulane surely had trouble with this last page. Perhaps you can make sense of it and supply the missing words. They inserted the word must. It makes sense but yet look at the length of the sentence. The word proscription seems to be spelled with pre. Should it not be pro? Have fun- - -

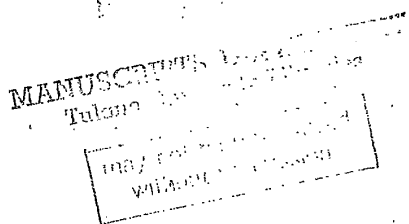
minors is in way

Article 2442cc shows our grievances or  
of our present that is inexcusable.

Dec. 5

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Pascagoula Public Library  
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Walker Family File #4

THE DIARY OF A LOUISIANA PLANTER

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Samuel Walker

Elia Plantation

MANUSCRIPT DEPARTMENT  
Tulsa, Okla.

Manuscript Department  
Tulsa, Okla.  
without circulation

Sunday, February 10th, 1856

All minds have a tinge of superstition. The cultivated mind exhibits this almost invariably in their ideas of religion. Most men of intelligence hold the same declared liberality or charity in this matter and it is strange to say with these above all other things that these latter find suit for superstitious proclivity. I will not here indict my own ideas on this subject but suffice it. I believe we are not more holy from being on that day long-faced or serious. I would not be a Pharisee because I am a sinner, but thank Thou O, God, that Thy beneficence yet permits me to walk in Thy bright sunlight. To live, to move, to have my being and to hope still in Thy boundless mercy!

Monday, February 11th, 1856

Today have been engaged 'till dinner in the dusty work of unpacking books. I could not forbear, as I took them from the boxes which contained them, from an occasional peep at the pages of some old favorite, a chat with Selven for a moment, a pious thought or so from Jeremy Taylor, a slight diversion with that sensible book "The Fable of the Bees." Such a book looked so venerable I touched it reverently. After dinner had the pleasure of a call from General Lucius Polk. To him and to his family I know I feel as if hereditary friends. Our fathers were friends and from the influence of their grandfather, General Thomas Polk, of North Carolina, did my grandfather receive his first commission when quite a young man, as a lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army. My acquaintance with the general and his excellent brother, the Bishop, is therefore exceedingly pleasant to me.

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Tuesday, February 12th, 1858

Today has been passed the earlier part in trimming trees in my kitchen yard a task I soon resigned in to the hands of my man, Enock, whom I trust enjoyed the burden more than I did. A visit from a neighbor and his wife consumed an hour or so and a new batch of papers and reviews filled up the interval till dinner. I mark, it strikes me, a great deterioration in the matter as well as in the manner of the British reviews. The brilliant era of the Edinburghers has passed by. The world rolls too fast for the ponderous wheels of a quarterly. The public has made up its mind long before their critics can write and publish their long articles and are neither to be cajoled into an unwilling admission of its merits or to be frowned into reluctant admiration or laughed into a contempt for it. Their articles are lengthy as usual and doubly as dull, and tedious as formerly. Indeed, articles copied from American periodicals by no means the most creditable we indeed find places in their pages and criticism of American works and their authors by no means always our best from a large proportion of their staples. The reviewer's vocation is gone. He travels and turns newspaper correspondent or turns his talent in some other channel. Every thing is changing to the practical. Everything is Americanized.

Wednesday, February 13th

Today was little productive of incident that is worth here recording. A ride to examine the situation or the locality of 60 acres of land which is a mile from the best of my land and in the middle of a neighbor's field. This land I purchased from the nephew of the person who owns all the lands adjoining it and who joins me. These many years have they cultivated and never exchanged. On my return I visited the son of the late owner, designing to make some arrangement by which I might exchange their lands with a quarter of a mile of his quarter. He was dying of consumption, but he declined

exchanging, imagine thus on his deathbed that I would submit to an exchange for other lands. Worthless then which the inconvenient to me are worth fifty dollars an acre.

These two young men are an example of the utter worthlessness of abstract gain. Their father an early settler with no education, succeeded by close prosecution of his aim to obtain large tracts of land in a new country and owning some 60,000 acres of land. He only valued life for the aim he had marked out. Vulgar, uneducated he died just as one of his negroes, without sympathy or the simple comforts of life. His endeavor was to educate his children to carry out his own views of the chief aims of existence. But a curse seems to have fallen on him, and one by one his children have died early and without issue. The present one, the eldest, only with a younger brother, consumption also is about dying and thus he bargains. It is useless to name them. They are only vulgar and such people with their ambition neither the public or a gentleman — has any sympathy.

If such people could for a moment know the common views of a man of liberal education what humiliation must accompany the knowledge.

Thursday, February 14th.

Today we have been somewhat uneasy as to the condition of our little daughter Virginia and have made our acquaintance with our neighborhood physician, a man of much good sense, and who did not immediately proceed to the administering of violent medicine, but seemed willing to trust something to the (curative)? powers of nature. I believe his advice strictly sensible and shall follow it, otherwise I should throw it away with his prescription.

A plentiful dinner with the Dr., a good bottle of claret, coffee and marschino.



Friday, February 15th, 1856

I have been surveying. Running boundary line between myself and some of my neighbors. Its something like running amuck and cannot say that I approve the profession of a surveyor, that is for my pursuing. I find that all people in this country are something of practical engineers. Most of their fortunes have been made from land and so well do they seem to be versed in the business that some of them can recite from memory without the slightest error, long lists of land giving the nos. sections, quarter fractions & etc. & etc. like a talking field book. One family near me owns some 50,000 acres besides their plantations now is worth \$5.00 per acre, a handsome fortune. Pity first of the heirs, one is dying of consumption, and the other looking as if he would soon follow, and secondly they seem to be mean, utterly ignorant, how to use it. Thinking that the great object in life is to add to it, depriving them of any accessory which can render fortune valuable. But after all is not this man with low ambition like this, as happy as he who conquers armies or rule a Senate? Are they not as deeply absorbed and great Enthusiasts as the soldier or the Statesman? And after all what absorbs our energies and employs our mind is the chiefest source of this world's happiness. What seeks such a man of the politicians' disappointment or the soldiers' wounds? The pursuit of money is one deeply engrossing. Its possession gives the power, quickest seen and felt in the world. But after all give me the plain gentleman who sells his soul neither to Mammon nor to Mars. He need envy neither but feel compassion for both devotees, but then a gentleman must have money or be a philosopher and philosophers are too often paupers.

My time passes swiftly, too swiftly, alas to catch the fleeting shadows of our joys. The sadness and woe only write the records on our heart and our brows. The glad is now forgotten. It is indeed healthy for me to keep his journal and muse an hour in the evening with his pen.

A rogue could never keep a journal. 'Twould be like a daily confession of his rascality, which he would not like to recall much less record, altho I do not believe that worthy Master Samuel Peppy's was a bit too honest, A Frenchman tho' might do it; he cannot afford a conscience.

Saturday, February 16th, 1856

Another week has almost passed. Another grain has dropped from the glass of Time and what was the present is the past. My figures show badly; and no wonder, for I have exercised my limbs rather too much today to be ready for moralizing or journalizing. My horse treated me badly. I had walked at least two miles after hitching him carefully and on my return in loosening him, frightened at my gun, he pulled away from me the run and treated me to a provoking chase of a mile further. But I returned good for evil and did not chastise him, when one of the boys brought him back to me. Mayhap many a reader of this is ever read by any save myself can sympathize with me on the vexation of such a chase. Your horse trotting before 'til, at a respectable distance he stops and looks over his shoulder as if meditating or half pitying you and when just in reach, he is off again.

Sunday, February 17th, 1856

Another Sabbath - To-day we were visited by Mother Marie the chieftainess of the Quarter Nursery whose territory I frequently visit. She has twenty "young barbarians" about her who grinned at me over a hunk of corn-bread, a sleek fat set of cherubs in charcoal. If old Fuller be right a negro is God's image out in ebony. She is a pattern of a nurse with a mild and gentle voice, never out of humor and proud of her charges. She called to pay her Sunday visit to her Mistress and gave her some lessons in the treatment of the young idea. She exhibited no high opinion of the value of the wormifuge in use, didn't think it half so good as the Jerusalem (meaning the Jerusalem

oak or wormseed plant) "that used to grow where she lived 'cause the wormifuge seldom fetched any worms and the Jerusalem used to did."

I was pleased to hear that the young ones got plenty of buttermilk and mush and promised plenty of molasses in the summer. Every planter is taking excellent care of his young negroes and the dedication of a special establishment to their use with the proper arrangements aside from its properness is amply remunerative. Thus should every department of a plantation be well arranged and organized. I shall add as soon as I can build the same, a hospital with every necessary convenience. These things are on most sugar plantations in Louisiana. Have your male and female departments, clean beds, baths, etc. and a journal where the attending physician shall enter the name of the patient and his prescription. Let the head nurse be some old intelligent woman. This is much better than leaving them in their own quarters, where attention is more inconvenient and they are more easily controlled from imprudences. These things will I systemize as soon as I can.

What can be more honorable employment for a Southern gentleman than occupation such as this? All admit that a good and wise despotism is the wisest of earthly governments and why then are the slave holders of the South caviled at by Monarch and by subject? Are not the former worse governors and the latter worse governed than our Southern slaves? We have an interest in governing well and wisely! We know each individual subject, nay, we feed, we clothe, we tend him whilst the subjects of the old world despotisms is or may be underclothed, unfed, uncared for. Let a Southern gentleman abide at home or let his absences be seldom and short. With his business, his library, his reviews from all parts of the earth, his crops and his garden, his fruits and his flowers and periodicals and proper idea of his responsibility to his God and he has within his grasp as near an

approach to earthly contentment as is usually within the reach of mortals!

February 18, 1856

I have cogitated on names to find a name with which to baptise our place. Shall I give a name of Locality? There are more Riversides than are sides to the river. Shall I turn to the romantic just when I have eschewed romance forever? Shall I be historical, Biblical or social? Heaven forbid either the first two for to entertain on the unknown is dangerous and innovation and would be spitefully criticized by those of worse taste than myself. Now, though 'tis said, "What's in a name, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," yet there is a perceptible difference to the smaller if not to the olfactories. There is the same difference in the thing as there is between the sensuous and the intelligent. Shall I seek the old world for my nomenclature when the world is just seeking the new? Shall I seek Indian soubriquet? I am no Choctaw. No, I have hit it at last to mine own fancy. There is a man as gentle and kindly as religion, a man quaint and classical, a man whose pleasant words have been to mine ears and soul as raindrops of peace and pleasure, one with whom I love to sit and smile and sip the pure juice of his lucious wit, the good, the mild, the weak, yet great, the unapproachable Charles Lamb. Yes, in remembrance of thee I will call it Elia - Elia Plantation - and if I can obtain a likeness of thy uncouth face or odd figure, I will place it here in mine house and on thy birthday drink a cup to thee!

Tuesday, February 19, 1856

Today the visit from a neighbor with whom I have the necessity and but slight prospect of a trade or exchange of lands. For some 15 or twenty years the gentleman from whom I purchased and his uncle have owned lands, small lots of which have been respectively owned in the midst of each others lands for instance my back lands are almost entirely bisected by some quarters of a mile of a mile of lands owned by neighbors and I find myself the owner

of sixty acres of land in a short distance of his quarter and in his field. Now one would think that uncle and nephew would long ago have settled this by an exchange in to the but desirable and convenient, but no such thing, the former has gone on without making an offer of exchange and my predecessor has to his great inconvenience for a long length of time cultivated this small lot in the midst of the possessions of the fields of his uncle. I have however discovered the following recipe for a trade first. Exhibit with great ingenuity all the possible use that the lands you want to sell can be to the man you want to sell to. Enlarge on all its present and prospective utility and value. Decoy your neighbors (the man you are bargaining with) by every possible objection, ask the highest price for yours, insist on the lowest possible price for his, and insist that a large portion of this low price is offered in a spirit of neighbourly compromise; allow nothing; grant nothing, yield not whit and get everything you can by hook or crook. But there is one plain answer to all this. I will take a proper price for my own. I will give a just value for yours. Yes, or this is the end - I can wait.

Today the sky lowers, one of those gloomy unsatisfactory days when you seem scarce justified in lingering by fireside, yet are very sure of a cold if you venture out. Well I have done the former and perhaps caught the latter. We shall see.

Wednesday the 20th, 1856

Today was one of those moist days which seem to mildew one's heart. That would make a Frenchman 'desole' (inconsolable) and a Frenchman commit suicide. Let it be epitaph as it has passed. I would I could record some work achieved worthy the inscription but I have passed it partly in playing pedagogue (wonderful) not a cross one. I have shaved the remainder between newspapers and periodicals. But even this is far preferable to a rainy day in town in that damp tomb New Orleans.

Thursday, February 21st, 1856

Another day of Murkiness and Saturation. But what would conversation count without this thorne which is not without it's advantages to the journalists (using the word not in a technical sense) It has kindly afforded a margin to many a non-plused sinner on the eve of a declaration in love or a bargain commercial. Enlargement on this exhaustless topic makes up the greater portion of the descriptive novelist. It forms no small part of a poet's staple from Byron to the brainless contributors of a modern magazine "Night & Storm & Darkness" are splendid things in their way but would rather view them by gas light from a parlor window or hear "Alps Speaking to Alps" from beside a snug fire. Forgive me "O Byron" matchless in my youthful admiration and even in calmer years, thy grandeur and thy beauty unequalled to my mind.

thou incarnation----- of Poetry, with all a Poets faults and some that were peculiarly thine own.

Friday, February 22nd, 1856

One is not bound I believe because he keeps a journal to become a barometer. I am not engaged by the Smithsonian Institute to keep a meteorological table I believe that's the word. Nor engaged by any other clasitation(?) under heaven to chronicle changes in the atmosphere or observe natural phenomena of such. Kind, good and true it is one in the country finds their subject outside itself upon his attention whether or no.

The providential arrival of a bundle of foreign and domestic papers and periodicals have kept me for the most part occupied for the day, news of peace was the dull proceedings of the American Congress who have exhausted their patience and most of them their ready cash in ballotting for a speaker, have at last been noised into the election of one Banks, a Black Republican to that office and with the good effect of stopping for a time the favorite pursuit of modern Congressman to wit "defining their positions" which public

sentiment has long since defined for them as worthy a set of demagogues more worthy to be governed by a good master than making laws for an intelligent people. In truth the character of the American Congressman for the most part enjoy the hearty contempt, with a few exception, of even their own constituents. The pursuit of money has absorbed almost all the better talent of the country either in professional or commercial pursuits and the unprincipled demagogue whose life and time is valueless to himself, his family this country packs preliminary political meetings and drinks and snuggles himself into office to the great disgrace of the land and injury of his country's character. Indeed it is to my mind something derogatory to character to be known as a professed politician or an office holder and signed "references" before you would, in these days, esteem as a true-hearted gentleman, one who is introduced as such. In the present organization or rather disorganization, of the system of American society a reaction is the result of those energies, the characteristic of the native and which has built up the greatness of her nation. Everything bends to the pursuit of the dollar where anyone can obtain social position by means of money where most are needy and where money can be so easily made, the citizen forgets his duty to his country in what he conceives to be his duty to himself and his children, and thus those who have nothing to sacrifice and no business of his own to pursue finds an easy avenue to idleness and brief importance in his own estimation by attending to the affairs of the country who could not successfully or perhaps administer his own. But it is the inherent sin of a free government and haply such a government is blessed with great elasticity and can stand renaissance if I may use this fashionable expression. In New England the case is worse there. But few are wealthy and all are educated to a certain extent and most educated badly. Only a few are independent in circumstances and none in sentiment. A large number of their

men shrink from the manly contest of an easy profession, are too lazy to work and turn their faces to what is termed the "ministry" and when this profession is not supported by state the attempt to perpetuate it as a social institution and to fasten the yoke of bigotry on the neck of their miseducated flocks, they pander to their basest appetite by leading them to extreme degrees of fanaticism and bigotry. Their preachers know better it is envy which is the chief inspiration, these mean incendiaries. They behold the Southerner with his easy and independent bearing, his frank and manly address and they feel his superiority as a master and a man, they envy and they hate accordingly. They ascend their pulpits and defame him, they speak lies, and they call it philanthropy, they blaspheme and pronounce it gospel. Boasting more schools and more education than another land New England has as little of true and liberal education as Ireland, calling itself a land of religious freedom, it is as much priest-ridden as the Emerald Isle. Their children of the middle class and peasants are all taught to read and cipher, to deceive and to cheat.

Priest or preacher ridden every boy on the common will doff his cap to the parson and not a concert can be patronized in a village without free tickets to deacons and parsons.

Who would not prefer the despotism of Russia to the hierarchy of a pack or set of clerical scamps as this?

But a terrible reckoning is at hand for these sanctimonious sinners, the people are so mean that they will not pay and the clergy too numerous to be fed and I should not be surprised so many of them out in this part of the world praising slavery and begging berth as overseers. Puritanism has culminated and its natural reaction approaches. Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Free Thinking, Deism, infidelity and finally moral revolution which God grant may prove regeneration.

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Saturday, February 23rd, 1856

A visitor today and little to add to my diary save this entry perhaps philippic against the Yankees on the foregoing pages will answer for several days.

Sunday, February 24th

This morning died a neighbour, Leland Craig, of consumption, attended by Dr. Dudley. This young man of some 25 years of age has, in my opinion, shortened his life by following too strictly the diet prescribed by the before mentioned who I am told is a man of mark in his profession in Kentucky. I only know that such diet would deplete the healthiest man on earth. This young man, it seems to me with his predisposition to this disease would require all the aid that nourishment by food, rich and plenty of it, could give to resist and wrestle with this constitutional tendency. This appears to me common sense and crackers and water, it seems to me, must in the end ruin any constitution. I should buy the best of meat and drink I could procure, take plenty of both, being careful not to abuse either. Had this been done, I believe this young man might have lived for years.

Monday, February 25, 1856

I feel and have felt today too much physical indisposition to do more than barely make this entry in my diary, suffering from biliousness and vertigo

Tuesday, February 26th, 1856

Better today but not quite well. The close link which exists between mind and body rings to the touch of rheumatism - gout, the twinge of an inflamed arm or genuine touch of dyspepsia or any rude finger which touches the strings of the nerves, so I have had this proclivity to be unamiable simply because I had been unwell and could laugh at myself for the frivolousness of a cause that could disturb the balance of a man's mind to no good on earth save the discomfort you made it for yielding to your frail feelings. I am

however much of a human thermometer. A bright idea inspires me, just as the birds sing, a gloomy day weighs me down and oppresses me with languor. However, the day has passed not unpleasantly. I brought up my correspondence and added several pages to novellette. I have been writing which is amusing to myself as most of my productions remain in a sadly unfinished state. I cannot for the life of me submit myself to the drudgery of copying and my chirography is so bad that no publisher could read it. Thus perhaps has the world, been spared several poor works and much bad poetry.

Wednesday, 27th

On this day we have invited several neighbours, waiting to take a steamer near our house, to be our guests till a steamer passes that suits them. They accepted and my duties, as hosts has filled up the measure of my hours to the exclusion of other things.

Thursday, February 28, 1856

The same today

Friday, February 29th, 1856

Our guests have departed their several ways. The remarkably severe winter has almost stopped navigation. So severe a winter has never been known within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Indeed, the night of my arrival here, I found the thermometer at 10 above zero. The coldest I have ever known in the South. 'Tho' true I have lived in this latitude, the waters of the River are swelling rapidly and they tell us to look out for high water. 'Twould be a hard case to be initiated into planting by an overflow the first year.

It was this that disgusted me with planting on my first attempt some years ago. I trust I shall escape so great an affliction. A letter from our daughter Elia today which brightens his mother's face with smiles, one from our own son Clement also. They are better when they are at good schools than here with the uncertain experiment of private tutelage, a plan I should dislike to adopt. You can obtain nor man nor woman so perfectly accomplished

as to instruct well in all branches and generally they are not pleasant to have (their presence always in a family unsatisfactory) to both parties. While we occupy no vast palaces with fortunes to support them it is not a house where a stranger after morbidly jealous of each little attention, sitting ever at table like a death head. They are unfortunate in their position and deserve our utmost and kindest consideration but one does not like to be compelled to be ever on the watch to extend this sympathy.

Saturday, March 1st

Not so bad. The New Orleans papers of the 27th ult are received. Not that New Orleans has much to boast of in her Corps editorial for duller wits blunts the edge of curiosity in no other town as in that city of dirt and dainties. One was for a time annexed to the Delta bearing the same name as myself but I am happy to be able to state that is not of my branch of noninal pedestrians but he was but the one in a host of wooden heads. He is an excellent paragraphist, racy, sometimes wittily satirical but the man becomes so obnoxious that the press seems to have cut him S \_\_\_\_\_ is a fine scholar, extensively read in his way of fine taste, but is extreme in every thing and injures; impotent of difference of opinion and permits his zeal in every cause he advocates to run riot with his judgment. One other one of the numerous Irish exiles emigrated some years since possesses something of the turgid fill of his countryman but the unfortunate man can write poetry and would turn everything into sentiment and the daily press will not bear this, otherwise the man could make a decent editor. It is with the press as everything else these all uncertain doubtful and suspected. There is little of permanence about the town and I fear a want of many of the substantial qualities.

Sunday, March 2nd, 1856

Another Sabbath and I fear one sadly mispent but what is the best way to spend this hallowed day forms a matter of unsettled dispute with Pharisee

and Publican from date of its institution to the present day. My own impression is speaking with all reverence to its holy Author, that it depends much upon ones circumstances and requirements, and one thing is very certain that one is as little excusable for not doing his duty on that day as on any other, the unjustifiable hypocrisy and bigotry of the New England laws are as oppressive as they are sinful which stops the Rail Roads and would stop the mails and shut up all places of amusement. Are they more righteous than the Saviour who plucked corn on the Sabbath and did eat thereof. Does the all wise Providence bid the sun to cease to shine, the dew to fall, the rose to bloom on the Sabbath? Yet these hypocrites deprive the dying of consolation, and the sick of solace. He stops the fond husband flying on the wing of eager hope after long delay to the bosom of his family even tho' in a few hours journey of his home he cannot reach it tho his wife be dying or his children helpless. But what care these precious hypocrites for all this, provided they carry their point of bigotry and tyranny the hands who might in turn perform this extra duty for extra pay. They would rather send to some scoundrel of sin to waste his health and money so that outwardly he offends none of these over-righteous Pharisee. Vice is a chronic sore of humanity. You must not heal it too suddenly or you drive the party to a vital part. Today I gathered the first violet of the season and presented it to my wife.

March 3rd, 1856, Monday

I have mentioned something of the New Orleans press. The greater part of its elements are not merely the best altho dull but the class will average better perhaps than most trades, callings or professions. If I have no very exalted opinion of morale or social of New Orleans I will accord it justice by an avowal of the fact that with all her evil and vicious characteristics she possesses more noble hearted and liberal men that can be found usually in one community. It is a city of strong contrasts and like

communities so framed(?) there are those among her gentlemen of nature's noblest stamp. These however are overshadowed by the preponderance of vulgar mobs, domestic<sup>and</sup>/imported, who fill her streets and annoy you with their vulgar assumptions the which unfortunately there is no escaping.

Tuesday, March 4th

This evening pleasantly wearied by healthful exercise I yield now to the laziness which delightfully oppresses me and content myself with this bare note.

Wednesday, March 5th

Another day of busy exercise a long ride, a visit to a swamp where grew the tall cypresses, rearing their strange forms in gray garb like a field of very tall ghosts, yet in the midst of this wild and lonely wood was heard the rattle of the steam engine and the cutting of the saw. An enterprising Yankee brings his saw mill to your door, or rather to your wood instead of carrying the wood to it. He perambulates the land, saw mill and all sets it up in cypress brake and goes to work startling the drowsy alligators from their slumbers; frightening the frogs, scaring the lonely kitten(?) from his nests and astonishes the natives - Go it thou universal Yankee.

Thursday, March 6th, 1856

Nothing tonight

Friday, March 7th, 1856

I have not quite done with New Orleans. It has changed wonderfully within my own knowledge. There was at once something refreshing to the eye in beholding and to the mind contemplating this chef from the old World set down in the new. Her quaint buddings like some old Moorish tour. Her gray cathedral which has given place to the ridiculous nondescript that supplies it's place which must astonish it's crazy guardian who for so long had traced the worn and narrow pavement which surrounds the old church of

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St. Louis. They say that since the old one is torn down and during it's demolition he drooped and raved. Her primitive and prejudiced but chivalric population with their graceful manners the old gentleman full of dignity, the women you see are full of grace. Their elegant yet simple dress, their neat households and inimitable cuisine to which to my mind nothing is comparable. But the Yankee came, at first he was coldly received, suspiciously regarded but this Samuel Slick from way down East regarded not. The old Creole stuck to his quarters and would not if possible, cross Canal Street or even look that way. He strove as hard as he could to ignore the existence of Mr. Slick in the State of Louisiana. Mr. Slick laughed in his sleeve and bought and sold and monopolized every avenue of trade by degrees would undersell Mr. Grapeau, and after a time the old Creole ventures into the second municipality and was surprised to see a city growing up amid his old duck ponds and to mark the bustle and the business and now Mr. Slick began to put on airs and stick his hands in his pockets; the hands which he felt assured he would soon have in the pockets of Mr. Grapeau.

Grapeau begins to learn he was far behind his neighbor in energy and enterprise and to find his houses and his lands now in some way or other being controlled, and even passing from his control with those of Mr. Slick. He began to imitate Mr. Slick and he was lost. The old ones tried the acts and schemes in which Mr. S. was so successful but somehow it turned out differently. He stuck to his claret but his son and his son's son drank brandy and Monongahela. His daughters ceased to be their own milliners and the monstrous and doubtful taste of New York began to displace the exquisite taste of Paris.

March 8th

This evening arrived my gardener M. Charles (should like to see him and my over-seer; the latter only understands the plainest English, the former only speaks French), with papers and letters which will occupy me 'til bed-time.

Sunday, March 9th, 1856

Nothing today save that I can place nothing of pious activities  
account as doubtless I ought to be able to do.

Monday, March 10th, 1856

Does the step of crime keep pace with the march of civilization? One  
might well ponder this question when the chief staple of English newspaper  
items are the horrible details of the Rugeley murder or murders. Bells,  
Life and the weekly Times are filled with it and have for some time and  
sober Reviews take up it's development for discussion either the facts  
themselves or some point of evidence or law elicited in the testimony or  
on the trial. As if to keep pace with this a murder was committed in the  
little town near me, the cause of which was plainly, whiskey. But the  
rencontre of two drunken men, neither of whom were perhaps of much use to  
themselves or society is a small matter in the scale of crime to the more  
refined and cowardly sin of the treacherous poison who deals death in en-  
lightened England for years by wholesale without detection or that so truly  
heads the list of crimes has accumulated 'til one stands appalled at the  
frequency and their magnitude. What boasted virtue can a nation claim when  
these and other crimes of a similar character and of such frequent report?

Tuesday, March 11th, 1856

By the account they kept, brief though it be am I reminded of one  
great fault in my character, the habit of procrastination. I would rather  
dream an hour in listless apathy of body but busy after my manner in my  
mind than engage in any active exercise of whatever nature. It is this  
indulgence in literary idleness if it deserves the name, which is my be-  
setting sin. I do not lack, I believe, energy of character but I lack habits  
of industry - personal industry. This has increased on me as the necessity  
for active exertion has decreased. It is the fault of my unfortunate education,  
or rather lack of proper education. Without one to guide the formation of

mind or character I have ever been left to the guidance of mine own impulses. To dream, to indulge in vain illusions that have met but half accomplishments. Whilst beaming with the enthusiasm of youthful pride and young aspirations I could accomplish much and still dream and have I believe accomplished more than most young men of my circumstances and age yet I could have accomplished much more. Give me to do anything that was to be done in a given time and I have done under such circumstances as much as any one and believe I could yet and very much but it would require greater object to stimulate to exertion. Thus ever have I been a man of promise yet never culminating. I never value what I win in the game of life but possessed, the possession of joys and its brightness becomes dull and commonplace, yet this must be taken with some allowance. I am loyal. I can say to mine own heart I never forget a friend or injure even an enemy. I forget no duty. I trust and I do not lack generosity. Help thou Oh Lord my weakness.

Wednesday, March 12, 1856

Tis said that a confectioner sickens of his sweets, that a perfumer surfeits of his scents. In short that many people who are the means of giving good things to the world are the worst judges of their wares. I am inclined to think the rule holds good with book binders, for I left an incongruous mass of confused matter in the way of pamphlets and unbound and half-bound books to be revamped at an establishment in New Orleans, and so when I receive them I have Sanderson complete, Cook most inharmoniously married and sleeping under the same cover with the last report of the American Bible Society, a Panegyric to a Saint, Lucullus, not St. Ursula. I have studies on the Civil Code of La., with studies by a foolish and garrulous woman of the North and South and Landieth's Almanac for 1848 in juxtaposition with Coleridge's letters.

Whilst thoroughly vexed I could but smile but I used to blame. Many



of these I had intended to burn but so I have preserved them perhaps for future generations.

Thursday, March 13th

Nothing, absolutely nothing.

Friday, March 14th

Today wearied to my heart's content. Bottling a cask of most excellent claret, the which I hope I may be spared to drink my share of the same. The only drink for our cline.

Saturday, March 15th, 1856

Busy, busy with interminable figures and arithmetic was ever my abhorrence. It always appeared to me to be the dry toast of education.

Sunday, March 16th, 1856

There are always characters encountered in the course of association whose peculiarities are worth studying and preserving. In fact it is from studying and grouping these that makes half the art of the author at least of the great writers of great fictions.

They are moral statuary that should be grouped in the temple of memory. My friend C.W.M. was one of these and well worthy a place in memories and heart of all who know him. There are some men who seem to be ever destined as sacrifices for others and M. is one of these. He was born in Maryland and there is a quiet and conceited manner but the farthermost from conceit in M's way of speaking, if by chance he alludes to his family which shows that he feels himself as he is of a very old respectable and worthy family. But you need not be told this to know it if you but knew the man. There is a quiet dignity about him and his household which consists now of a single sister and numerous nieces of a sister's deceased which tells you they are gentlefolks. Indeed I have seen a piece of brocade which was taken from the wedding dress of Mrs. Washington for the two families

were friend, shown with unostentatious reverence by Mary M.

Monday, March 17th

M. I have said was a sacrifice. He was the sacrifice to filial duty and fraternal love. He removed to Miss. with some fortune in which also was that of his mother if I err not. He embarked in commercial pursuits and was wrecked with many others in the disastrous reverses of 1836 and 37. Had M. been a dishonest man he might have succeeded better. He might even have been a large merchant respected and highly lauded in the city where he is now at 50 a bookkeeper. But he stole nothing from his creditors, who some of them, perhaps were thieving from others. On the contrary he strove to pay and I believe all to whom he owed whilst those who owed him paid nothing and where a scoundrel to whom he had trusted with his family slaves, ran off with them to Texas with them and paid him nothing. And M. himself almost penniless with a bed-ridden mother, a crazy sister and one who was as good almost as an angel, another who was a lunatic and a helpless brother. Was not this enough to make a man mad? But it made not M. mad, but he signed and bent himself to their support. For long years this man labored and poured out all his manhood and his energy to sustain those; the sick mother, the lunatic sister who was kept confined to his house, a maniac, and an imbecile brother. Added to this a worthless drunkard was the husband of another sister with a large family who was compelled to separate from her husband and now fell with her helpless children upon the hands of M. My God, was not this lot terrible! Twice was this last sister persuaded from the house of her brother by promises of reformation on the part of her husband; twice did she return finding those promises false, to the humble but neat home of her brother and twice did he receive her. On each of these absences. She returned with another child, houseless and penniless and the last time afflicted with a spinal disease which ren-

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may be  
without

dered the attendance of a physician constantly necessary and soon she was bed-ridden. When I met M. again I found him bending in a suburban town near the city, in which we were both engaged in business. The crazy sister and the imbecile brother had been mercifully called away to drown madness and misery in the grave. But he had then in his house his helpless mother, his bed-ridden sister and her children, all but one, a boy, was with, I think, his father. M. with all his gentlemanly feeling, his quiet pride was the runner in a bank. He must have been at that date near fifty years of age and was immensely fat. Still he strives on ever and he lives neatly and decently. He has some few slaves. His mother and sick sister died whilst I lived near him. I trust a brighter day is in store for the declining years of this noble and brave soul. His sweet Mary with her kind and gentle smile is ever at the side of the sick neighbors when she can be of use. You can not know the pair without loving almost venerating them, that is if you have a good heart. Now who can say but what M. has loved some, gentle, kind woman as he is a man and dared not tell his love but meekly bound his neck to the yoke and seared his heart as with a hot iron, rather bring one he loved to share his hard lot. There was something in C. W. M. and his sister Mary's fate and fortunes which has ever reminded me of Charles and Bridget Elia.

Tuesday, March 18th

X X X X X X X X

Wednesday, March 19th

I grow lazy I fear as time marches on and after a day's exertion and a long ride I content myself, I fear, too easily with a bare entry of a date.

Thursday, March 20th, 1856

A call from a man today whom time seems to treat lightly. I do not mean to assert by such expression that he is alighted in any manner by the old

gentleman with glass and scythe, only I think my friend must have compromised with the glass and gourd of liquid to put therein. Near 40; he does not look 27 and eats and drinks his fill.

Friday, March 21st, 1856

Planting Corn

April 7th, 1856, Monday

Returned from New Orleans Saturday last after an absence of some two weeks from home.

April 8th, Tuesday

My journey has not been all together devoid of amusing incident. There is we presume no community of travellers which furnishes forth such a number of originals as Americans. One in particular affords me much amusement. William Seator West by name, a young man not more by his own account than 23 but had seen more than most men of 50. His story too had I have had reason to doubt it was in many points corroborated by other travellers on board the steamer. He had at about 14 ran away from Chapel Hill, N. C. and a negro boy whom his father had given him to attend him at college followed him without an invitation and was his tried companion with all his adventures till the boy died in San Francisco, where stands a tomb erected to his memory by his master in a spot adjoining the Public Cemetery or one of them so placed because the Yankee proprietors of the Cemetery refused admittance therein to the body of a negro. West says he built it as close to the walls as possible on a neighboring lot and placed a marble tomb above him. He and the boy made their way to Memphis; their adventures thereafter were numerous. He enlisted in the Memphis Regiment in the Company of Capt. Nelson. He was present at the battle of Rosacu de la Palma and with the American forces the most of the War. Has made five trips since across the plains with cattle; has been rich and poor. One in-

oident he relates tells the hatred of the boundary man to the Indians. In one conflict in which he found he and nine companions must be beaten he says took his sack of flour and a pound of stricknine tho which he states all old traders on the plains always carry and mixing the stricknine well into the flour mounted his horse and took to flight just as if the Red Skins were so many crows and he added you know I would not poison a dog, but an Indian is worse than a dog or a wolf. He was thro' some influence at Washington appointed to the boundary survey and made of himself quite a correct surveyor which was of much benefit to him in after life. The influence, I suppose, was that of his uncles, Messrs. Gales and Seator of that respectable Whig Paper - "The National Intelligence" the only respectable relic of that defunct political fungus. West was afterwards sheriff of San Diego County, California to which office, he states, he was respectfully desired to resign because he would not arrest Walker, my namesake, the renowned fillibuster of Sonoran and now of Nicaragua notoriety and some of his confreres for horse-stealing in the rapid retreat from Sonora. Most of said constituents being Spaniards the fugitives had helped themselves to somebody else's animals to save their skins but had turned west down at the line. The last he was with Kinney and was one of the 14 or less with him when wrecked near the Thomas he says Kinney had but 14 dollars in his pocket, with boundless assurance to commence his grand enterprise.

June 8th, 1856, Sunday

A long leap this two months since last I made a mark within this book. O, System, System, Method, order Figures, ye counting house duties why presided ye not at my birth. Why was I not born with a full knowledge of Arithmetic, for I am certain I shall never acquire it. Oh, why was I not fed off a multiplication table? It would have saved the many dimes and I should have been richer. What then? No I do not deplore that I never adorned a counting house a more intimate knowledge of merchants does not

increase my respect for them as a class. Franklin has said something like this "That barter is the mother of rascality - and in truth the knowledge of small advantages easily taken, - overlooked or unexplained at first from haste forgotten. Secondly from carelessness, then from indifference and the man ends too frequently a cheat. This is not only true of smaller trades but large ones as the business is idly practiced in this country. I have (known?) those whom the world esteemed honest men and whom I know believed themselves honest advocate a different code of morals shown for commercial use than the plain honest rules our mothers taught us. For instance money borrowed in business in failing circumstances and so given to the knowledge of the lender is a more sacred debt and should be returned to the loss of that customer who has money in his hands and who trusts him with his all. This is the code of the Gambler. The honour which obtains among thieves.

June 20th, 1856

There is at work busy as the mole, a spirit within the people of the Northern States which is steadily undermining all sentiment of nationality from the hearts of the people. A spirit of fanaticism which scruples at nothing, stops at nothing, oaths are valueless. Laws are set up in defiance. The constitution trampled under foot. If thus sincere those tinged with such a spirit might be pitied and reasoned with. But it is not genuine. It is a feverish desire of unnatural excitement; one hypocrite crying out to another and lauding Liberty in the shape of black republicanism lawlessness and blasphemy. The larger portion of the population of New England are a needy, preaching starving set who have the ascendancy, and who more or less influence the gentlemen as well as the peasantry of that accursed country. The other day in the Senate Mr. Brooks found it necessary to chastise a scoundrel who had insulted wantonly the honor of his native state and the gray hairs of his uncle in language most contemptible. Had it been

used elsewhere than on the floor of the Senate. The place entitled the cowardly scoundrel to contact with a gentleman's cane. Mr. Brooks deserves the thanks of the whole country. We advise southern members to do likewise whenever similar circumstances deem all those lying hypocritical speculators are cowards and occasional chastisement of their rascally hides will go far towards the South both with them and their constituents.

I believe that Envy is the odious and foul, hag that spawned their vile reptiles like the dragon in the Fairy Queen.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw  
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke  
Fall of great humps of flesh and gobbets raw  
Which stunk so vildly that it foist him slacke.  
His grasping hold, and from the turns him backe  
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was  
With loathly frog and toades which eyes did lacke.  
  
And creeping sought nay in weedy gras  
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has"

This fuss and fury which was gotten up on the occasion of weeping and indignant stabs of Massachusetts deserves another verse.

"Her scattered brood, some as their parent deare,  
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
Growing full deadly, all with troublous feare,  
Gathered themselves about her body round,  
Weening their wanted entrance to have found  
At her wide mouth, but being then withstood,  
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
And sucked up their dying mother's blood,  
Making her death blood eke her hurt their good.

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The scoundrel cowered under his desk instead of defending himself like a man from a small gutta percha cane, and keep his bed issuing bulletins to anxious friends of the state of his public health.

I have heard ladies of the North speak of this fellow Sumner and say that he stated he was constantly in receipt of letters from all parts of the Union, South as well as North who told this. The modest man himself could alone have blushinglly discounted it. But is a lie, an atrocious libel on the women of the South.

Envy is at the bottom of half of this malice, and in a trifling book written by a trifler. "The upper Ten Thousand," the secret leaked out. (Master's loquatur). Exactly, the Southernns are our Russians. They come up to the North to be civilized; they send their boys here to be educated. They spend a great deal of money here. We are civil to them (certainly where there's money), but not over genial some of us at least, are not. Well there does appear to be a difference in the animals. In no case does it appear more strikingly than in the compromise of our women. The Southern lady, gentle, retiring, refined, dignified with an easy queenly walk. The Northern one bold, masculine with a business walk. Johnnie and Tommie, their intimate acquaintance. A name never used in the South, save to relatives.

The South will never take the position to which she is entitled until her planters live at home in their capitals or on their plantations, better the latter. Then he can live and buy himself palaces if he will and supply them with all that wealth and luxury can bestow. If he needs the applause of watering place habitues they will come at any time for their board and loding and liquor.

A French savant, traveling through New England wrote that there was no church proper now in New England but that they seem a nation of free thinkers. "The home he says of the rigid Puritanism" True and the most philosophic remark a Frenchman ever made of another's country but the evil sinks deeper



than mere church government. It has pervaded the whole organism of society and the result has been the popular preacher system of congregationalism which continually requires the moral stirring up of the congregation in order to excite and save the salary. I respect the church and I know there are many clean, refined and elegant gentlemen and devout excellent christian ministers in New England but I hate demagogues wherever found and more especially the saintly scoundrel who cloaks his evil propensities under the cassock.

The political preacher is but the pot-house demagogue sacerdotalized and the scenes are changed from the grog-shop to the meeting house, and the audience of loafers to a congregation of grannies, male and female, and ugly women old and young.

Slavery is from its very nature eminently patriarchial and altogether agricultural. It does not thrive with master or slave when transplanted to cities, where are assembled large crowds of indigent and many unprincipled whites, especially where there are many foreigners to earn or steal a subsistence who do not consider the negro his inferior and whom in most instances the negro regards as beneath him with all the sleek and well fed insolence of a spoilt menial. They associate with such on terms of equality - they barter, trade with and purchase of them drink. These low whites pander to those vicious tastes. Their low grog shops are supported by them. The slaves become dissipated, acquire the worst habits, steal to obtain the means of gratifying their appetites. Whilst the slave is being thus corrupted, the distance is so vast between the slave and master that the interval is filled up by these corrupting influences, without the knowledge of the master, who perceives the evil of his slave without being able to prevent it. I will state that the low Yankee is ever the more dangerous enemy to the South than the low foreigner. The Irishman or Dutchman came to us not with prejudice,

educated against that institution. Whilst the low Yankee drinks it in with his mother's milk, reads it in his school books, etc.

I do not therefore care for the general introduction of manufacturing into the South as a system. The assemblage of negroes and whites, or even negroes alone in large bodies, in sedantary pursuits deteriorates the animal and unfits them for labor in the field and is to a less extent objectionable for the same reasons, regarding Cities, manufacturing being usually pursued in villages or towns.

Manufacturing to the extent of the wants and requirements of the planter himself and those of smaller means about him could be beneficially introduced to a larger extent than practised.

(Pages 47-48-49 & 50 missing)

Scraps

July 16, 1857

My nature makes me love change. I wd (would) like a dove, have a nest, but fly away to bask in sunshine, be bathed in shower, but to return ever when I wearied, to mine own nest. But I am tied down to home by seven strings like a balloon to earth. Seven strings which are my heart strings and my hope.

July 27th

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----- from noon to dewy eve I find them in Milton Book 1st line  
742 & 3. It was what is in western palace or "a lofty fall".

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But see this

A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seemed  
For dignity composed and high exploit  
But all was false and hollow. Though his tongue

Dropt'd manna and could make the worse appear

The bitter reason to perplex and doth.

Maturest counsels.

Book 11 Line 110

Swift writes to Bolingbroke "My lord I have made a maxim that should be writ in diamond. That a man ought to have money in his head but not in his heart.

Let The Union only one free state at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Keep in view therefore the circumstances under which that instrument was projected and adopted by the parties thereto. Ignorance of the history of the United States - not a little of educated even have ever read the Constitution of the United States, a smaller proportion remember its provisions -

It should be constantly impressed on the minds of the people that we are not in a proper sense of the word in the extended organization a Republic. They should be asked to consider that we were all separate and independent of each other at the time of the revolution and all even did not come in to the confederation at one time and that it was some time after the adoption of the constitution that several states became parties thereto. A popular majority does not elect our Presidents, but this being the exercise of the sovereignty rights of independent states is voted for by states. The idea of state sovereignty must be kept distinct from the federal functions of the government for our safety from a corrupt majority is cast to the minds when this is forgotten.

It is only keeping this idea of state sovereignty vividly in mind that the enormities of our condition can be made to harmonize the differences of climate, of population and lastly of social organization. It is astonishing to me that the governments of the Old World usually based on monarchies or despotism can be so ready to join the North in its crusade against us. We of the South if it's a fault to contrall as subjects a body of the human

family, to where we claim to have supremacy by the superiority of a natural organization; we certainly with the rulers of Europe share a common fault and at striking at our institutions they wound themselves. I am very certain that this view of the matter is seldom taken in England, and for the reason that they are grossly ignorant of the historical facts of the institution of slavery, neither the United States reflected little that they are sympathizing and aiding that very feeling which has more than once jeopardized their one time consecrated institutions. Nay on aiding the descendants of the very men who have long since lost all the prestige of combination against the accepted forms of profligate monarchs to serve. He as excuse that they are all counternancing the same feelings, the same men who dissolved their parliament and dried their bloody hands in the blood of their kings.

This same tribe Puritan have ever been iconoclasts, breakers of images and enemies of order and of governments. Their critics exists but under oppression and persecutions and whenever newer planet they have in their time become the oppressions. So soon as relieved by self exile (the motive of which history will some day display another reason than that now offered) they commence by enactment of "blue laws" as odious as any to which they were subjected and in sympathizing with such spirit the government of England is parricidal. Were the English well informed of the facts and history of our present controversy there can be no doubt on which side that sympathies would be cast. The South with old England as its first ally might defy the world and surely a large defensive if we need it is preferable to one with New England under existing circumstances.

I read Carlyle and pity the giant affecting the fool and crowning himself with wisps of straw. I read Emerson. I think of the rude ambitious lout clothing himself in Carlyle's cast off straw. I read DeQuincy and regret that he makes affectation of a fault. I read Ruskin the school boy by the brook, the Titan mind, the mountains. I arise and say I am myself. Marsh ebony is his individuality.

Whilst the excitement which accompanied the selection of a President, to rule the short period of four years the destinies of the Union of the United States of America lest any citizen of the South was awakened to the deep sense of the peril menacing the institution to which weal or woe the destiny of the South is indissolubly united. It has passed and with it as a sudden fever has passed the interest with which the South regarded the action of the North in that momentous crisis. The better genius of the Republic is triumphant but a calm survey of the facts which accomplished the victory - the narrow escape from disastrous defeat. The uncertainty of its permanency - The directness of the estimate made - one matters for the gravest consideration and may well seem as another lesson in the history of nations. Such victors should learn to use this success wisely. I do not propose to analyze the statistics of the last canvass, or detail any of its incidents to weary or fatigue ye readers. I shall simply assume that the escape was a narrow one from a dangerous supremacy of a vicious majority whose avowed object was the overthrow of domestic slavery either by means within or without the constitution for they whose intentions are illegal in outset are not apt to seek the rules of conduct from the law when once they have grasped the power.

The object of the writer is to direct the attention of those interested to the necessity, or perhaps I should rather say the policy of at least using all legitimate conservative means in their power and then as immediately as possible for their permanency and sincerity. With this in view, I will not at this time write discussion as to the propriety of extreme steps whatever opinions I may entertain - Human reason runs too readily from matters <sup>to</sup> words until confused; minds blend them together.

I repeat I wish much to invite the considerations of our people and politicians to simply conservative acts by which much of the maudlin sentiment of the North will be disarmed by it's weapon. Whilst we are our with gotten

stability and strength and security to ourselves; support and sympathy from abroad. I propose that the Legislators of our Southern States should exempt slaves from any forced seisin and sale and that any free white citizen owning a slave free from encumbrance that such property should become his and his children's forever.

I claim the incorporation of such a cardinal principle unto the organic law of the Southern States the following obvious advantages.

1st. I will attach the master to the slave with a double tie for he will hold his slaves in trust for his children and offering every inducement for the consideration of their good treatment and preservation.

2 - It will attach the slave to the master for when the slave knows that he will belong to his owner during his life that his children and children's children to his master's descendants his sense and security of reliance and attachment to his owner will be work and fortunes to the fullest extent.

3 - It will offer a boon to every man among us however poor to become a slave owner - for what man could not accumulate with common industry sufficient to purchase one slave, or a family of slaves and what man, would or could fail to be industrious with the fact that his wife and child might in any event be secured from want and then by his individual effort.

As corollary to this - every man living in a black state would have an interest direct in the existence and the permanence of the institution of domestic slavery.

It would withdraw slaves altogether from serving as a basis of credit.

4 - It would conciliate the good opinion of the foreign states opposed to the institution from ignorance and prejudice by taking from the enemies of the institution those objection to us who know the truth utterly false put with others often having undue weight. I mean the separation of parent from child, of wife from husband.

The objections apparently to the inauguration of such a step are there

would perhaps be argued by mad Republicans is that might be considered aristocratic - but not so - There could be no aristocracy from property without prima - geniture. They should be distributed among the heirs under such provision of law as would best observe the intentions of such a system.

It may again be said that it might mar the condition but it is not proposed that such a law should be retro-active in its effect but that as fast as the owner could free his slaves from all present mortgages, liens or incumbrances that he should then and not til then become the beneficiary of such a law.

Such a law would be entirely distinct and wholly different in principle from so called exemption laws which to my mind are seldom beneficial to the state or citizen.

As slaves would no longer form the basis of credit, trade would flow on without reference to slave property - Whilst they might be made sequestrable during the life of any failing condition and the proceeds of their labor applied to the payment of debtor liabilities by the public officer or receiver. The detail of the operation of such a law would be governed by such wholesome regulation as the Legislators might deem proper in the premises.

I thus briefly placed in your hands the results of my thoughts on this subject not without a conscious inability on my part to do justice to a subject of such importance would be to our children deters me from laying my words before ye readers.

This done I am content to leave the elimination or detail of the proposition for another or to those whose experience and abilities betterfit them for that task.

#### ACT 2.

When a system is pretended to be inaugurated designed to hedge about our domestic institutions with such barriers as exert to the fullest every moral advantage which attaches to them. There is a wide field for the exercise

of our resource in the consideration of the steps taken, their extension and perfection. Most prominent in the list is Southern education upon and extensive plan yet tending constantly to centralization. Let no shallow plea of party deter our legislators from an immediate and extensive preparation for the institution of such a course. What the South has lacked has been individualism of its state interest. We have lost in wages of central political discussion to the exclusion of the consideration of separate state policy.

With a population widely scattered communication between citizen and citizen is not frequent or long continued and the inconvenience of such condition is the slowness of action, hastiness when attempted, resulting often in crude and badly digested systems and inept administration. In this respect advantages are enjoyed in more dense communities, whilst our advantage is retained in being free from other influences attendant on the incidents of cities.

This might to a great extent be remedied by the formation of those societies which exist in every agricultural county of England and countries on the continent, as well as thro'out every state of the North. Agricultural societies should be formed in every county of every southern state. Their meetings might be weekly or monthly, say at the county seat of the respective county. This would redound greatly to the pleasure as well as the improvement of the planter. Reading rooms should be attached for subscription to every good newspaper and agricultural periodical in this or other countries and for the procurement of models of every description of new implements to which inventors would be glad to furnish for the sake of their own interest. Thus the sociability of our Southern communities would be promoted whilst the exchange of ideas on their respective systems of discipline and mode of planting could be but beneficial.

It's somewhat singular that so important a motive has been overlooked



for so long a time at the South, or but feebly attempted. There is not a craft or trade in the world but has its union but the planters whose production is the most important to this world without such organization.

There is besides usually no more industrious man in the world than the small slave owner. He rises early and is the last to retire. He not unfrequently labours side by side with his slave whilst his attendance is frequently demanded at the sick bed of his slave. A very erroneous idea is prevalent at the North that they are very different from this. They form this idea from seeing only among them the over-rich who sow their money broadcast among them and whom they envy or laugh at; whilst they pocket their change. The rural population of the North and others of their people forget that this is a comparatively limited class among us and correspond to their own Fifth Avenue and are for the most part just such a class as the mere possession of many will create in all societies in all parts of the Earth. There are no fair specimens of our country population of the small planter of the South but it is an assimilating more nearly to themselves. Among them are to be found as fine specimen of man and woman kind as can be produced in any land. On the other hand there are among them also men and women as coarsely constituted as the vulgar rich and as offensively ostentatious as may be found elsewhere. Gregariousness and friction with crowds produces manner. The commercial man will tell you it enriches the world. The moral philosopher will say that it corrupts it.

MANUSCRIPTS DEPARTMENT  
Tulane University  
New Orleans, La.

#### Editor DeBow's Review

Your note prefacing my article in your August number relative to the inalienability of slaves will excuse me that I again ask a brief place in your valuable Review for a brief allusion to the same topic - That we do not agree in this, who usually agree upon most steps, touching the subject of Southern interests is complimenting to the fairness and justice which

controls the management of your publication and the author is well assured that aiming at the same goals, we but tread different paths.

You seem to assimilate the step we advocate to the proposition of Gov. Adams with his message to the legislature of that state but the proposition differs as one star from a constellation as one principle differs from a whole system. I honour Gov. Adams for his suggestion; it is a step in the right direction - But Gov. Adams would create an exception which would ordain a rule.

I would desire it to be understood that I am not so bitter by the tarantula of sectionalism as to deery all things and all men, all things Northern as false and unfriendly whilst the interests of so large a portion of her capitalists are tied to us by a cotton cover we will of necessity have a wealthy and powerful party, so the North, bending without Easterly devotion before the shrine of the Almighty dollar will freely pour the oblations on the altar of interest. Neither will I assent to call all traitors whilst so large a body of Northern democrats yet rally round the Standard of the Constitution and whilst such men as Winthrop and Cheate (the noblest Roman of them all) are found struggling yet for right in that foul arena of fanaticism and folly - the commonwealth of Massachusetts. It has always been remarkable, more for it's treachery than any thing else, and fanaticism is a mild name for what was in truth is but a bad spirit of restlessness and envy, whilst it's patriotism in the first instances originated but in self interest. The great outcry about the Stamp Act was but a humbug and was no cause for severance from the Mother Country for it was the navigation, not the Stamp Act that lit the fuse that exploded the mine of Revolution. It commended the Navigation Act breaking up the smuggling of Boston and "fish and lumber" Customs and the King's were watch-words long before "Liberty or death" became fashionable words. The

obligation of the country to Mr. Sabine in this respect it sacrifices the truth of history as to the character of a people called Puritanism where good qualities never appear except in adversity; who have ever been restless and control, and when as far back as can be traced had little objection to a bitter sin if accompanied by a sufficient quantity of psalm singing and sniffing.

December 19, 1859

July the 15, 1859 - a long, long time - a century of action - incidents enough to fill volumes of history. Battles and blood-shed faith broken - treaties thrown to the winds - sovereigns deposed - civil war - and death - death among friends. In this time has died Thos. N. P. my former partner in the law - with whom for many years I was most intimately associated - a good man; an honest one - an excellent lawyer. Peace to his ashes. There were many I knew more prominent and promising with half his learning and not half his honesty.

Gen'l John A. Quitman - The friend of my father and of myself - I know well as if I was his favoured son, and his letters to me speak of his confidence and affection. During his connection with the Cuban junta I was the depository of his most sacred confidence perhaps the only one in New Orleans that he could confide in without reserve - the only one there who had no interest of mine own to subserve that no clash with my duty as a friend and he well knew that now in otherwise he could still trust. Being not myself connected with the proposed expedition, save as a well wisher and for his sake he spoke with me freely of men and things connected therewith - His connection was a conditional one as I remember a million of money was to be made up before he would consent to take the command. Men were to be raised and were ready. So soon as the money was raised it was to be placed with all other moneys in the hands of Gen'l Quitman. We informed an association in New Orleans to make collections there. Three

gentlemen were named as the depositories of the subscriptions. As agent of General Q. I received from Gaspard Bethancourt a large number of Cuban securities. I had this bundle sealed with B's private seal and to be drawn on the order of Gen'l Q. and deposited them in the Union Bank accordingly much to my surprise I found a warm tho' quiet friend of the cause in that able and excellent man the late Sam'l J. Peters, Esq. opposite in political faith differing in temperament, yet I found in the late Mr. Peters one to whom I was much attracted and I believe he allowed for difference of ages, treated me with as much consideration as I ever met from any gentleman during my residence in the city. He was somewhat on the mend in health when I came to know him and somewhat shorn in power.

The world has rolled on till it had outgrown even its energy and he found labouring for things politics a thankless task and association sometimes disgusting. He did more for New Orleans than any man that ever lived in it. He felt much sympathy with the Cuban cause and his far seeing mind saw in the annexation of Cuba a strong hold for the South when the hour came that this stupendous fabric revered by the master minds of the revolution would be rent in twain and I believe he doubted of its permanence. I arranged myself the interview between Gen'l Quitman and Sam'l Peters and present the Gen'l Q. at La. State Bank of which P. was president. I remember P's remark to me afterwards of the Gen'l. "He is" he said "with admiration, an honest and an honourable man" - High praise were spoken when spoken by one honest man of another -

To return much time was wasted. The junta disputing with one traitor at least in it and that arch traitor Domingo Golcovia. Gen'l Q. said of him once - when he had contrary to his pledged word disobeyed some positive instructions - were I in the position you and your friends propose to place me and you had done this I would have hung you to the first tree by the

roadside. But D \_\_\_\_\_ G. \_\_\_\_\_ wept and begged pardon and protested all was done mistakingly with the best reasons for his poor and oppressed Cuba - and I believe that if said G. had then and there met the destiny his acts then merited Cuba might have been free. I believe this man Goicovia was an unmitigated scamp, and as ingenious a scoundrel as I have ever encountered. He grew rich through this matter. He managed to mar this affair as effectually as any evil genius ever marred a good enterprise. When a large amount of money was collected and ready to be handed over, money procured and transmitted through every conceivably difficulty and danger by the patriots in the island G \_\_\_\_\_ was sure to commit some gross blunder (on purpose) to prevent the consummation. Thus when things were near ready at one time for purchasing of a proper steamer G \_\_\_\_\_ Treasurer, of the Junta, who had signed a written article that were to bring every honorable responsibility faithfully fulfilled. He on his own responsibility purchased an old unseaworthy steamer the Massachusetts, which entailed (as the sale could not be rescinded) a cost of some \$45,000 to make her seaworthy. Then when fitted up everything goes pretty quietly until the time to sail arrives when it was found that a United States Revenue officer was on board. Then G \_\_\_\_\_ was the only man to arrange matters of his own showing. When at last things were nearly ready G. tries to get up with M. at Savannah a counter expedition to steal all the material and G. to load it. Finally when things could be no longer prevented without exposure Gen. Quitman dispatched Sam'l Jones, Jr. and another to possession of same the barks refused to obey the private signals given by G \_\_\_\_\_ and agreed on by Gen. Quitman.

I have no fear that the awful consummation will arrive but they are the manifest sequent of black and brown republicanism. The self evident tendency of fanatics, that of Giddings and Hall, and other hypocritical

pharisaic demagogues like Seward and Wilson and Banks - I repeat I defy them - that when the time comes, the wealth and conservatism of the North will range themselves under the banners of the Constitution and the South, and these demons who have stood the storm and let loosed the whirl wind will be driven, the parasites of society with the ranks of the Sans Culottes or with the cowardly cunning which mocks over the knavish demagogue, will fly and hide themselves from the storm. The wealth and intelligence of the North can but perceive the tendency of these mens teachings and acts. It is but the agrarianism of old Rome in its worst form.

They paint the Southern planter as a Hindoo Rajah lying on couches of silk and fanned by lascivious slaves till the scene of Eastern luxury with gorgeous splendour 'till the heart of the republican and puritan error pants and sickens at the scene.

They sing of the syren Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, inalienable rights, and their softened souls swell with thoughts whispered by envy and mistake for the noblest philanthropy. They tell of brutal cruelty heaped upon the shrieking slave and paint to the appalled imagination of the factory girl a picture of stripes and manacles - oppression and wrong.

But these things are not true. A few over-rich people among us, may with coming summer spend their money at the watering places and there shower their money with a liberality which astonishes the natives and makes the obsequious landlord grow pale in their presence from excess of awe. A few foolish boys with more money than brains and more vanity than good breeding may disgust the better classes, thus with their vulgar ostentation and make them smile at their unpardonable ignorance - but vulgar people will be vulgar everywhere - the ignorant and ostentatious, the ill-bred will be everywhere offensive; while every body in the South is not rich much less over-rich.

There are as many here to the manor born without the adjunct of "a silver spoon," as elsewhere as many who labour as assiduously as elsewhere

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and I venture to assert that no people as a class are more industrious than the planter, in Louisiana rising as he does early, working hard, aye harder than any negro on his place. The sick, the well, the aged and the young, his own family also require his attention, the latter from affection, the negroes from his interest, for his only available means are invested in them. Without them his land is comparatively useless; but is a natural patriarchal condition of government - It is no forced condition for never in a vast country where places are often remote with frequently but a single white family to hundreds of slaves - how can that government be forced when one man peaceably rules hundreds by whom he is surrounded and and sleeps with doors unbarred and window open in undisturbed peace and quiet?

Between the rich and poor of the North, there is as wide a gulf as between the master and the operative in Manchester. Between the rich and the poor at the South, no such chasm exists as the North. A white man at the South, if a good man and an honest man, is as much respected as the rich. He meets not perhaps with the same attention when he travels, as elsewhere is perhaps not so fawned over by the parasite but he is respected by the rich man himself, is spoken to as his political equal and the very existence of the negro in his country serves to mark the difference and to keep him respectable and respected in the eyes of others, as long as he respects himself, we all perhaps, do not differ in our proneness to good or evil from these people. But I can mark the Southern gentleman or lady when ever my eyes rests upon them as something different from others, grown in other places I could mention. There is a natural frankness and grace, a something in their very walk and bearing that speaks well to the intelligent and refined of all places and all countries and no where is this more remarked than in England and the Continent. True, the gentleman is the gentleman the world over. I have met with as much pleasure the gentleman of New York, as one

of New Orleans, of Connecticut as of Charleston.

This is more confined to their very highest social classes than at the South.

Abolitionism with its train of kindredisms as regards its social effects on Northern society is a view point from which it is not after all considered at the North. The loud cries of the Black Republican press hath drowned the voices of Conservatism. The commercial and worried classes know well enough that it is in the slave states alone of this union that the negro is adding anything to the wealth of the world; that under such government he propagates and thrives, and is useful whilst where Emancipation has been tried, it has been so much taken from the wealth of the world. The wealthier classes know how difficult it is to obtain good servants at the North and that unless some change takes place it will at least be more comfortable for the wives and daughters will have to doff orinoline and take to making their own beds and dusting their own furniture. The evil grows apace and we confidently expect to see many seeking the South to avoid so dire a calamity. They must do this or bestir themselves. Man deserves not liberty who will not use his effort to retain it. They have too long neglected the ballot box scoundrel and knaves have so long controlled the electoral precincts that they regard it in our cities as to them, an interference with their "inalienable rights" for a gentleman to offer to vote.

The result is they must quietly pay the taxes which political knaves and their tools assess and squander. They think too much of making money and too little of the elective franchise.

"Woe worth the chase woe worth the day." Lady of the Lake.

Howl ye "woe worth the day" Ezekiel 30th 1st

"Nous avons change toutes cela" Moliere's Medecin malgre lui.

"We have changed all that" Moliere's "The doctor in spite of himself."

, Since my pen filled the foregoing pages four years of war have writ



in bloody letters their tale of terror in the pages of American History. Not permitted to mingle in it's exciting events by ill health long suffered ere it began and heightened by several attempts to do what I conceived my duty, I have even kept no journal, which, had I done would have some day been deemed valuable; however poor it's literary merit. Though not participating to any extent in active events which have transpired, yet even in hearing of the sound of war, I might have chronicled the changing phases of the times as they affected our people and made remarks wherefrom to judge the flow of patriotism or passion in the quiet time to come. My endeavor to remedy this by notes from memory must be at the best most meagre and unsatisfactory.

The Devil's Ride published in the N. O. Times in November 1870.

The Devil said to himself one day.  
Quothe he 'I'll take a ride  
It is not well the doctors say  
Too close at home to abide.  
An in truth, I've not felt well of late  
But have had an occasional mal de tete  
(By which he meant a pain in his pate)  
With a stitch or two in the side.

Continuation of the memoirs of the Hon. Felix Walker

Felix Walker died in the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 1828. Near the town of Clinton, in the state of Mississippi then called Mount Sala, and not in the State of Tennessee as is stated in Mr. Wheeler's History of North Carolina. Two of his sons had previously removed from North Carolina and settled in Mississippi, William Walker and Felix Walker. The former, his oldest son a lawyer by profession made his home at Natchez in

that state at that time, the most important place in point of wealth and refinement in the state. During the existence of Spanish domination a number of American citizens had made their home at that place before the revolution. They were, most of them, remarkable men of great energy, and as I remember them in my youth were many of them men of the finest physique; - independent, of strong minds and indomitable energy and enterprise; thus they lived, gathered wealth and rearing their families for generations, inter-marrying until at the period of the war there was no society in the United States had more attraction to the intelligent stranger than the society of Natchez. In time these gentlemen transferred much of capital to the alluvial lands of Louisiana and caused her swamps to bloom and blossom.

#### Natchez As It Is.

The vicinity of Natchez is a beautiful city. The landing where it's commerce found an inlet and outlet is but a small cluster of stores and warehouses, whence it is conveyed by an easy graduated road to little cities which spreads out on the rolling lands stretching back from the bluff. This town on the Mississippi rises some 250 feet from this bluff. One can overlook across the broad river flowing below at the foot of the bluff, the wide spread Concordia Parish Louisiana, its broad plantation bordering the silver lakes, with the white cottages which furnishes accommodations for the slaves together with the larger houses for the cotton and machinery which beyond and about this town, the tall forest trees form a frame for the beautiful landscape picture. The country about Natchez is exceedingly beautiful; it is gently rolling and it's woods form a cool shade for the traveller along its roads winding over hill and dale.

Felix Walker died in the State of Mississippi near a small town called Clinton. To this state of Mississippi two of his sons had preceeded William W. Walker the oldest who settled at Natchez and was by profession a lawyer

and the father of the present writer. He then married Sarah Jane Routh, daughter of Job Routh, Esq. an early settler in, when Spanish held rule in Natches. Mr. Routh was a man of strong character, energy and enterprise who acquired a large fortune by his industry and the unusual respect of all he encountered. He died the richest man of his time in the South West and left a numerous family who all built their larger fortunes upon their inheritance. Mr. Job Routh was perhaps the first Planter who raised cotton in the West of the Mississippi above the mouth of the Red River, who just began to substitute the finest of the alluvial lands of Louisiana and reclaimed it's rich lands to cultivation. His settlement on Lake St. Joseph in the Parish of <sup>Texas?</sup> Tunica, then Concordia, where he had large quantities of land for himself and children. These large plantations from one side of that lake to the other occupying at one time the whole bank of the lake, some twenty miles in length.

Afterwards these winter residences were the seat of a hospitality, which became noted over the whole country and whose fame extended to England, with whose merchants the large interests in planting, brought the former into contact. Gen. W. W. Walker seemed to have preserved the beak for adventure which characterized his father and grand father. He was engaged at one time in experimentation in connection with Gen'l Long, known inivetably as Long & Walker's expedition. It was an attempt to do what has since been accomplished - to Americanize Western Mexico. It cost my father much money.

The account will be found in Foote's History of Texas, Vol. I, 205 et seq.

My mother followed my father to Nacogdoches with Mrs. Long. The expedition ended disastrously. Mrs. Long and my mother escaped by flight. My father was in command at a block house with 23 men at Bolivar's Crossing. Previous to the of the block house they were joined by 3 others; they defended the little fortress gallantly for some days against an attack of 300 or more men of Spanish regulars. My father afterwards cut his way

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with another and reached the even of the                      he and in this way  
escaped the                      but lost themselves and for two months.

In the meantime my father was brought home by his father, who went  
to Alexandria for him. My father was supposed to be dead by mothers and  
others but some time after he reached lake St. Joseph and rejoined his  
family in a month afterward.

Gen'l Walker died young. I was about nine years old, at the date of  
his death. I can scarcely remember him save his personal appearance; and  
have been told he was one of the handsomest men of his day - his name will  
be found and mention him as the man widely popular in Foote's Texas and  
Texians. P. 207 (?) and note which work gives some particulars of the ex-  
pedition to Texas in 1819 -, undertaken by Gen'l Long, my father and others  
and resulted very disastrously.

Gen'l Quitman was a strong personal friend of my father's, both with  
military ~~books~~ . They formed an organization in Natchez which existed  
up to the war Gen'l Quitman was the captain of the corps styled the "Natchez  
Terribles" - my father was the first Lieutenant. Its flag with it's motto  
"Try us" was afterwards borne to Texas on it's                      off,  
independence. With Gen'l Quitman my relations were ever the most                      .

I studied law under him, indeed for years he stood to me in                      ,  
and was his confidential friend and agent in his contemplated organization  
to <sup>assist</sup> arrest the Cubans - he used to say that I was a fillibuster by inheritance,  
whilst studying with him and his esteemed partner.

J. T.                      deceased. I became engaged to my late wife, a  
cousin of Mrs. Quitman and Mrs.                      . But my blood had been  
mingled with that of Job Routh which brought the practical views which  
mastered my grandfather, and I note the Gen'l that I thought he was in his  
attempt to assist the Cubans he was but losing this summer shower to wet  
him to the skin. My acquaintance with the representative men of the Cuban

patriot in New Orleans and whom I met at the North gave no high opinion of fitness to a moment of this kind. They all that I have met were impassioned, excitable men without judgement or prudence. I had this possession in the bank box - this is part of the business and securities for some time and held the receipt of the president of the Junta for delivering to them.

Stanhope Walker another of father's brothers was killed in a battle near San Antonio and his grave is yet pointed out to the visiting stranger. Another brother the Hon. Felix Walker had preceded his father some years to Mississippi. He was a lawyer in excellent practice, and an enterprising and influential man, and representing his county for many years in the late Mississippi Assembly. He married a Miss DeMoss and died in the year , leaving one daughter a childless widow of the late B. F. Dill, who was the editor and one of the proprietors of the Mississippi Appeal, a paper of wide circulation, before the war and which followed the long and established a paper mill of it's own. Mrs. Dill now resides in Oxford, Miss. The other sons were Joseph and Jefferson. Of these five sons of the Hon. Felix Walker, there lives no male descendants save the writer and his to sons. One of the daughters married a Mr. Smith, who lived at Huntsville, Ala. One of his daughters have I \_\_\_\_\_ a Mrs. Otis, formerly of Huntsville and recently of Helena, Ark., now deceased. She has descendants. Left an orphan at an early age, my association and my years of life to manhood was spent with my maternal relatives at Natchez. Communication was difficulty and only along the river, was there much of visiting in those days in Miss. Our familiarity was more with the Northern States and with New Orleans, than with the Northern or interior of Mississippi. So that I grew to manhood little of my father's kindred save from this which my uncle was kind as place in my hands and which proceeds.

A man may believe what is untrue. In that sense ignorance is the mother of belief, but there are two sources of belief - We believe that which we thoroughly understand. Such truths as are within the limit of our reason. What is that when we say we believe, yet do not comprehend? Is it what we call faith (superstition)

Saith St. Paul - Hebs 11. 1. "Now faith is the substantance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen - A wonderful definition - it would be a separate sense, or for its comprehending, would demand it, applied to religion, it is then the reason, for his belief, in his religion whatever it is.

"Religion" says Sebastian Bachs is an unutterable sigh lying in the depths of the soul."

It struggles for utterance in the breast of the savage - it is our intuition in the heart of the refined and intelligent man.

Religion teaches us to reverence God and to render every one his right.

God is alone is infallible.

Naught else is infallible neither books nor doctrine. What profiteth then ~~shots~~ or disputations their vaulting brood, which exists to the discovering of the soul.

There is but one God, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient. All merciful. The supreme force in power. I know it from my own existence, and the creation around me and the consciousness within me.

One idea must underlie it Universality. It admits not of division.

The soul is immortal; the body only perisheth - It is the material animal part of us, the tabernacle of the immortal spirit which is within us, and it dieth and mingleth with the earth.

There is in my belief no resurrection of the body.

What becomes of the spirit we know not, nor does it behoove us to know;

but to live and to do rightly and to hope.

The bible is not an infallible book, but it holds the source of an infallible faith. Judaism was not a religion but a theocracy. The pentateuch gives no limit of a belief in the immortality of the soul. They are laws of temporal government. The others books are historical, legendary and rhapsodical. Even in the times of Jesus, the Pharisees believed; the Saducees denied it.

The book of Job is the noblest poem in any language; an allegory, the most sublime on earth but it's date and authorship is uncertain. And the houses in Job 19, Chapter 25-26-27. I know that my redeemer liveth. 'Twould seem to prove that the author of Job believed in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body but it is not in the books of the Jewish laws nor history.

It is not given us to know everything; but we are given reason and observation, and they were given us of course to use to their full extent. Every fact, every proposition within our comprehension, it is our right and duty to investigate and to receive it as truth or to repeat it. The man that does it not wasters good gifts. Up to the limit of what we may know we may decide with certainty - To this limit proof can and must be admitted - What is given us to know with certainty may be certainly proven beyond know nothing.

It is true the scope of the minds of different men will differ with the individual but the facts, propositions which are found in the world may be found in a book or books. They may be separated from the least known. This must be aim of each enlightened generation; that they become purer, and better and wiser.

In this remark be pure and clean in heart and mind and body, even as Christ, God's minister tells you to be.

There is but one God and Christ is His minister.

The following is a list short poems published by me from time to time.

1. The Editor which first appeared in DeBow's review 185 or 3; I think an Editorial addenda DeBow's rev. v. 10 May 1851 page 598.
2. The Devil's Ride published in N. O. Times about June 1870.
3. I forgot that the first published was a poem on death of William Bondurant? In the Concordia Intelligence? (mailed)? copy to my son (Eliot)?
4. I wrote a short prose story which appeared about 40 or 41 in the Natches Friuliade (?) Several papers in DeBow's review about 1850, a news, of my grandfather's of a journey to Ry. (?) 1775 all in DeBow's.
5. *^ Ky (Kentucky)*
- 6.

Il y a uncertain heroisme a accepte les consequences d'une <sup>faute</sup> commise

"Marie Aycard"

There is a certain heroism in accepting the consequences of a fault committed.

"An Invitation

From the Picayune March 8, 1874.

Dum loquimur loquimur fugent invida aetas carpediem quam minimum  
credula posero.

"Horace"

The summer months are ended Steve  
Their sunny hours have sped  
And with the dim past blended Steve  
Each blushing rose that perfume shed  
On summer breeze is withered, dead  
The winter winds come bleak and cold,  
The fields are frozen and drear

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The white snow weaves a winding sheet  
For the departing year.

The mistletoe is gathered, Steve  
To decorate the bier.

The fire of yule is lighted Steve,  
And blazes on the hearth;  
The merry tones of children dear  
Fill all the house with mirth  
And whilst the joyous talk goes round.  
Their eager faces circling higher  
There's room reserved for you old friend  
An arm chair by the fire.

Then haste thee, Steve, and do not stay,  
Nor yet with promises delay.  
'Tis true our locks are not yet gray,  
Tho' time has flecked them with its spray;  
But golden moments flit away,  
And moments passed are passed for aye  
Then carpe diem - use the day.

S. R. W.

Scrapiana

Everything in the world is big with my father and has wit  
in it, and instructions too if we can but find it out.

Swatan Shandy

Impromptu (To Mrs. M. G. M.)

When lovely woman stoops to think  
Her money is her sole attraction

An honest love appalled will shrink  
E'en tho' he loves her to distraction.

(hast thou)

And is there naught of worth and grace,  
A spark of what we deem divine (?)  
With noble form and classic face,  
That could deserve a love like mine?

Fly lady fly. Bethinks thee that  
Nor too highly prize yourself  
Think better of the gentleman  
Place higher value on yourself.

S. R. W.

But that the homage paid to them (?)  
As with the Israelites of old,  
Is given not to Duty (?)  
But only to a calf of gold.

You say it is sentiment and not politics - but there are people  
with whom a certain proportion of ointment is at once a national virtue  
and a national principle. It is the stuff of which martyrs and patriots  
are made - It is the seed of the church.

Our Supreme Court.

Aug. 2, 1878. Just before the closing of the courts, July 3, I met  
with the worst luck which I have ever in my life been subjected. If the  
case had been in any way doubtful in the procedure of law to be applied  
by the courts, I could be content to submit to a difference of  
sometimes by substitutes. But in the case of Nathan vs. Boudierant  
*Boudierant*

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Walker Family File #4

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JOHN WALKER BIBLE

Original owner - John & Sarah Gates Walker  
Address - Topisaw, Pike County, Mississippi  
Present owner - Thomas Watson Walker  
Address - Braxton, Simpson County, Mississippi

Copied from the original Bible by - Miss Bessie Lee Walker  
Address - 4815 Churchill Drive, Jackson, Mississippi 39206  
Date copied - July 1969  
Submitted by - Mary J. Berry  
Address - 3918 North State Street, Jackson, Mississippi 39206

Note: The Family Record pages have been torn from the Bible, and the Bible is lost. The pages are yellow with age and brittle.

The following is copied from the Report of the Walker Family Reunion, held in 1915:

"John Walker was born December 26, 1785 in Virginia; sometime prior to 1803 he immigrated to Franklin County, Georgia, and on March 5th, 1805, he was married to Sara Gates. Sometime between 1805 and 1812 they moved to Hardiman Co., Tennessee. In 1814, they came to Mississippi and in June of that year they stopped on Topisaw Creek near Shady Grove Church in a house on what is known as the Sim Felder place where he made a corn crop; in 1815 he moved and settled on the place now owned by David P. Walker, one of the grandsons and where "D. P." now lives. No other person has ever owned the place since he, the grandson, moved on it." --Bess Walker

See Francis Marion Walker Bible, this Volume, pp 90-91.

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Mississippi Genealogical Society

1002. 12CKKiny

19

Johny Harrison, son of W. E. & S. G. Taylor was born June 27th, 1878.

Died, at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Nancy Wright, widow of Gen. Thos. Wright, deceased, in Laurens County, S. C., O. P. Wright, in the sixty-third year of his age..... He left his father's home for a home in the Southwest, the then growing and prosperous State of Mississippi. (Name of newspaper not known, nor where printed.)

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Address - Route 2, Florence, Rankin Co., Mississippi (near Star)

Date copied - September 2, 1960

HOLY BIBLE

VALKER E' I E

## 20

## MARRIAGES

Willis Walker	2nd Martha Brinson	married 1835 in Simpson Co.
	1st Charity Berry	1819 Wayne Co.

Willis Walker Born 1795 S. C.  
1st Charity Berry in 1819  
2nd Martha Brinson Walker born 1806 - Miss.

Laura E. Laird Walker	Aug. 29th 1850
Samuel M. Laird	Nov. 27th, 1813
Sarah Ann Dea Laird	Dec. 6th, 1820
Ethel Denie Walker	Nov. 11th, 1879
Effie Lula Walker	March 7th, 1882
Barksdale Ales Walker	July 2nd, 1884
Bessie May Walker	Jany 28th 1886
Bettie Maud Walker	Oct. 31st 1888
Henrie Inez Walker	Oct. 14th 1892

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Walker Family File #4

FRANCIS MARION WALKER BIBLE

21

DEATHS

Willis Walker 1848  
Martha Walker 1847  
Family cemetery in Simpson Co., Miss.  
Senea Walker Nov. 25, 1870 Mountain Creek Church Rankin Co.  
Samuel Laird Died  
Sarah Dear Laird  
Buried at Florence - Headstone  
Parham P. Walker Died Ap. 13, 1907.  
Dora Loflin Nov. 26, 1919 Wesleyanna Cemetery  
Dr. T. M. Walker June 23 - about 1923 - Mendenhall, Miss.  
Francis M. Walker died Feb. 14, 1924.  
Buried at Wesleyanna near Star - Headstone.  
Laura E. Walker died Sept. 25, 1925 - Buried at Wesleyanna Cemetery near  
Star - Headstone.  
R. W. Walker died Jan. 13, 1943.  
Bess Walker Johnston April 21, 1950.

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Note: This is an old Bible. The backs and title pages have been lost,  
and many pages are loose. MJBerry

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DANIEL OLIVER CECIL BYRD

~~DANIEL C. C. BYRD BIBLE~~

Original owner - Daniel C. C. & Sarah Loflin Byrd  
Address - Star, Rankin County, Mississippi  
Present owner - Thomas Allen Ainsworth  
Address - Star, Rankin County, Mississippi

Bible published by - Jasper Harding  
Address - Philadelphia  
Date published - 1851

Copied from the original Bible and submitted by - Mary J. Berry  
Address - 3918 North State Street, Jackson 6, Mississippi  
Date copied - November 8, 1960

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MARRIAGES

Daniel C. C. Byrd and Sarah Loflin were married Decr. 4 A. D. 1851.  
John Ainsworth and Sarah Byrd were married on the 19th day of Oct. 1865  
by Rev. D. Loflin.  
Thos. A. Ainsworth and Fannie Singletary were married Jan. 15, 1891.  
Thomas Albert Ross married Mary Maud Ainsworth.  
James E. Crymes married Sadye Ainsworth May 1927.

Cemetery and Bible Records, Volume XI

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DANIEL C. C. BYRD BIBLE

Thomas Allen Ainsworth married Genie G. Smith May 2, 1936.  
Thomas Albert Ross, Jr. married Roselyn Andre Butler August 31, 1949.

BIRTHS

Daniel William Byrd	May 9th, 1853
Isaac Berry Byrd	May 1st, 1856
Malinda Jane Byrd was born	Jan. 17, 1859
Lewis Oliver Byrd was born	July 23rd, 1862.

Thomas Ainsworth was born on the 12th day of August 1866.  
Sarah Edy Rosana was born on the 27th day of January 1869.  
Joseph Benjamin Ainsworth was born Feb. 14th 1853.  
Richard Augustus Ainsworth was born Feb. 15th 1858.  
Robert Jesper Ainsworth Dec. 1, 1860.  
May Maude Ainsworth September 18, 1896.  
Annie Ruth Ainsworth May 12th, 1900.  
Thomas Allen Ainsworth Nov. 6, 1903.  
Sadye Ainsworth Dec. 20, 1905.  
Of Sadie & Jimmie Crymes -  
Sara Lucretia Crymes May 6, 1936  
Of Tom A. & Genie Ainsworth -  
Thomas Monroe Ainsworth Jan. 1, 1937. (Written in margin - "Twin sons of  
Luther Allen Ainsworth Jan. 1, 1937. Genie & Tom A. Ainsworth")  
Frances Anne Ainsworth - (Written in margin - "Daughter of Genie & Tom Ainsworth").  
Daniel C. C. was born 25 May 1831.  
Sarah Byrd was born June 6th 1833.  
Of Mary Maude & Albert Ross -  
Mary Frances Ross March 27, 1923.  
Thomas Albert Ross, Jr. born Sept. 22, 1926.

DEATHS

Daniel William Byrd died Jan. 19th 1857.  
Daniel C. C. Byrd departed this life on the 22nd day of July 1864.  
Sarah Ainsworth wife of J. B. Ainsworth departed this life on the 13th day of  
July 1869. Aged thirty five years one month and seven days.  
Mary Frances Ross daughter of T. Albert & Mary M. Ross - February 19, 1944.  
Annie Ruth Ainsworth Nov. 15, 1946.

CALEB PERKINS BIBLE

Original owner - Caleb and Cyrintha Whitaker Perkins  
Address - Port Gibson, Claiborne County, Mississippi  
Present owner - Unknown  
The last known owner was Mrs. Clara Shaifer Gibson Perkins Harrell, a daughter,  
The last known address - Delhi, Louisiana. now deceased.  
Bible Publisher and date - Unknown  
Copied from the original Bible by William Leggett Smith, a great grandson about  
1904. He was 17 years old. He notarized his original notes on Nov. 1, 1955.

Mississippi Genealogical Society

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## Walker Family Bible

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my early days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise." C.

### Interments for week ending June 18

- June 13, Thos. R Walker, 20 years, killed on battlefield  
C. Beroujon, City Sexton

### IN MEMORIAM

It became my painful duty to record the death of \_\_\_\_\_, brave and gallant youth, who fell in one of the recent battles in Georgia, while fighting for home, country and friends. Thomas R. Walker, aged 20 years, was the only son of Capt. Charles and Mrs. Joanna Walker of this city and since September 1861 was a member of Company A, 3d Regiment Miss., Volunteers, Loring's Division. Although a mere youth, he was a faithful soldier and true patriot, performing all duties assigned him with alacrity, and suffering all of the hardships and privations of a soldier's life with cheerfulness and without a murmur. He was kind and generous to a fault, conciliatory and forgiving; beloved by all his comrades in arms, and regarded with paternal affection by his officers. He was a devoted son and brother, ever ready to contribute to the happiness of the home circle, by his bright smiles and kindly disposition.

This noble youth has fallen a victim by the hand of the invader. His sun went down amid the angry clouds of battle; he fell with his face to the foe, a martyr to the cause of Southern liberty. His spirit has winged its flight to realms of bliss and his name will live in the hearts of his countrymen.

To his fond parents and sister we would say, grieve not; ere long you will meet that dear lost son and brother in the land of the blessed, where sorrow and sighing are not known.

X **DIED** - At Ocean Springs, Mississippi on that instant (January 15, 1870), at half-past eleven o'clock P.M., after a lingering illness, Capt. Charles N. Walker, aged 49 years.

It will be with deep sorrow that every citizen of the coast reads the



Walker Family Bible

above. "Captain Charley" has been known many years as a courteous and able \_\_\_\_\_ dating officer, a sociable and open \_\_\_\_\_ gentleman, and a kind and indulgent husband and father. He had been in feeble health for several years previous to his death, but at last the mandate was given and his name was called, and soon he, like many others before him, was "launched from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity." We hope he is at rest.

Captain Charles N. Walker, so long and pleasantly known and remembered as a Captain on various steamers plying between this city and Mobile, died at Ocean Springs, Miss. on the . January. His death will be grieved by a large circle of friends. Nobody ever traveled on our lakes without knowing Captain Charley Walker. He was a \_\_\_\_\_ steamboat captain for this part of the w\_\_\_\_\_ and was always esteemed by everybody who was brought into intimate intercourse with him. Few men who ever died so early in age (he was only forty-eight) ever managed to make so large a number of friends as Captain Charley Walker. Peace to his soul and ever green be the memory of his virtue.

**Campbell** - On Friday July 16, 1897 at 5 o'clock a. m., George Campbell \_\_\_\_\_st son of Fred Campbell and Eva Walker, aged 15 years and 4 months, a native of New Orleans.

The friends and acquaintances and the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral which will take place from 2222 Clio street between Howard and Liberty streets at 5 o'clock This (Friday) Evening.

**CARDS OF THANKS**

We the undersigned, tender many thanks to Messrs. Kaufman & Isaacs, Mr. Garard, Mr. Levy, Mr. Kahn and employees and friends for the kind attention to our son George during his illness and at his death. All have the everlasting gratitude of the family. Mother and Father and Family of Mr. F. Campbell.

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Waxhaws Chapter, D.A.R.  
Lancaster, S.C.

1.

ARTHUR JONES RANSON, JR., SON OF A.J. RANSON, SR.  
AND KATE WALKER RANSON

*Had been married before  
and dau. Mary was  
his child by that  
marriage.*

BIRTHS

ARTHUR, JR. BORN APRIL 4, 1909 SPARTANBURG, S.C.

LILLIAN HARVIN RIGBY BORN JAN. 30, 1912 MANNING, S.C.

LILLIAN KATE BORN DEC. 9, 1937 BREVARD, N.C.

ARTHUR JONES RANSON III BORN OCT. 12, 1943 at 5:55 a.m.  
FLORENCE, S.C.

CHARLES RIGBY RANSON BORN AUGUST 23, 1947, FLORENCE, S.C.

MARRIAGES

ARTHUR J. RANSON, JR. AND LILLIAN HARVIN RIGBY JUNE 26, 1935

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2.

PEARL A. B. M.  
KATE WALKER RANSON, SECOND CHILD OF A. E. H. WALKER AND  
SUSIE MORGAN WALKER

BIRTHS

A. J. RANSON BORN AUGUST 26, 1873, HUNTERSVILLE, N.C.  
KATE WALKER BORN FEB. 1, 1879, CULLEOKA, MAURY CO., TENN.  
INFANT SON BORN OCT. 21, 1905, SPARTANBURG, S.C.  
JOHN WALKER RANSON BORN FEB. 14, 1907, SPARTANBURG, S.C.  
ARTHUR JONES RANSON BORN APRIL 4, 1909, SPARTANBURG, S.C.

6

MARRIAGES

ARTHUR J. RANSON AND KATE WALKER, DEC. 21, 1903  
ARTHUR J. RANSON, JR. AND LILLIAN RIGBY, JUNE 26, 1935

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3.

A.B.M. WALKER, YOUNGEST SON OF A.B. WALKER AND MARY DOAK ? *Note this name*  
MATTHEWS WALKER

BIRTHS

A.B.M. WALKER BORN SEPT. 7, 1849, CULLEOKA, MAURY CO., TENN.

FIRST MARRIED ADELIA J. NELSON, APRIL 25, 1872

EDDIE LEE WALKER BORN MARCH 1, 1873

ELLA EUGENIA WALKER BORN AUGUST 19, 1874

KATIE ADELIA WALKER BORN DEC. 17, 1875

A.B.M. WALKER MARRIED SUSIE H. MORGAN JAN. 9, 1877

BORN IN MAURY CO., TENN.

JENNETTA NORILIA WALKER BORN NOV. 16, 1877

PEARL K. WALKER BORN FEB. 17, 1879

CORA JANE WALKER BORN NOV. 7, 1880

VIRGINIA ESTALINE WALKER BORN FEB. 2, 1883

HENRY BOYD WALKER BORN MARCH 24, 1885

MARY OPHELIA WALKER BORN JAN. 31, 1887

DENNIS FRANKLIN WALKER BORN JAN. 19, 1889

LOYD FULTON WALKER BORN DEC. 19, 1896

*Note Boyd which legend says  
was Eliza Walker's maiden  
name. Ireland has no records or  
any poor records in Protestant  
area. I have corresponded with  
various organizations - C & P*

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN

EDDIE LEE (E.L.) WALKER AND GUSSIE SIMS NOV. 28, 1900

BE. CRAIG AND NETTIE WALKER DEC. 19, 1899

REV. A.J. RANSON AND PEARL K. WALKER DEC. 21, 1903

R.S. GALLOWAY AND ESTALINE WALKER OCT. 6, 1904

J. VISER JONES AND OPHELIA WALKER MAY 31, 1906

HENRY BOYD WALKER AND BLANCHE VIVION SEPT. 2, 1908

DENNIS FRANKLIN WALKER AND ANNIE CAMP APRIL 1, 1915

LLOYD WALKER AND MAUD WILLIS OCT. 23, 1915

DEATHS

ELLA EUGENIA WALKER, NOV. 5, 1874

ADELIA JANE WALKER (NELSON), JAN. 1, 1876

KATIE ADELIA WALKER, JULY 12, 1876

CORA JANE WALKER, MARCH 21, 1894

A.B.M. WALKER DIED MARCH 11, 1921

MRS. A.B.M. WALKER (SUSAN MORGAN) DIED JULY 6, 1928

(DIED AND BURIED IN CORSICANA, TEXAS) ✓

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4.a

ARTHUR JONES RANSON, JR.

Arthur might safely be said to be first and unique, in the experience of A.R.P. children, in some things. He and his sister Mary were the first among them to go to India. She was twelve and he was nine months when we sailed from New York in February 1910. Mary had to be away in boarding school too much of the time to enter deeply into real missionary life, and we found it wise for her to return to America after three years; but Arthur had full chance to do so, and first won attention by the way he spoke the Urdu language, which, indeed, was his mother tongue, for he did not speak English until he was four and then very reluctantly, greatly preferring the other. The wonder to the older missionaries in the service thereabout was that he did not mix it with ~~either~~ <sup>both</sup> English or the other language we used; viz, the Panjabi. <sup>sister</sup>

Arthur was the first white child most of the people in this sparsely settled and most desert-like country, had ever seen, as Miss Alexander and I were the first white women and they were greatly interested in him, "Arthur Baba" as they still call him till this day, and he loved them, mostly especially Charlie, our Christian cook. Their relationship was like that of the old South between the children and their colored people of the family or plantation. That Arthur loved the people was good, indeed, for there were few other people about in those pioneer days, in fact, "to play with" there was only Mahbub, after Charlie married Selomi, a nice widow with a little son from the Christian community in Lahore. The first playing with missionary children to speak of was on ship, as we were returning in 1917 from our first term of service in India.

We thought he would enjoy the big zoo we took him to see in Memphis, seeing so many animals new to him and strange things in general, but he hung around the Indian cow with the familiar hump on her back and a camel with them he felt at home.

All honor to our missionary children who are themselves real missionaries as they get into the hearts of strange peoples of strange lands.

Talk about the sacrifice missionary parents make, what about their children? What about their parents they leave at home? When we left in 1918 for another term of seven years, we saw Arthur again in 1924. Mary accompanied us a short way as she went to continue her study of voice at Bush, where she was in the home of her Uncle Edgar Ranson. Arthur came to me as we were leaving his uncle

Ira Ranson's, where he was to find a home, saying "Mother, don't you dare to see me." His bravery was wonderful and the picture of



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4-b and 5-a

become embittered; parents and children after these long separations in obedience to God! "Go ye", have had to become acquainted over, as did Bishop Thoburn and his son after a separation of eight years. These dear children, also, will have their reward, and so will their true helpers and sympathizers.

When we did not get back for our third term of service in India, on health account, we took up college work, along with Arthur at Bryson College for the years 1927-1929 at which time Mr. Ranson was President of Bryson; Arthur, Freshman and Sophomore; and I, getting my credits from Due West and Mary Nash College, Sharman, where I could not work in astronomy to get my B.A. in 1900-1901, was working for my degree.

5. The college sold out to Kid Key College before the next year, and I had waited all this time for this chance. When it seemed necessary to our church to close the youth college of Bryson and turn everything we could to Erskine, the young people, generally, were upset in their plans, but many got to Erskine. Arthur kept saying that he had no other intention but to graduate from Erskine and he did so in 1934. Then followed years of teaching and coaching in South Carolina and North Carolina, during which time he married Miss Lillian Marvin Rigby of Manning, S.C., certainly among the wisest things he ever did. When he wrote to us of the engagement, he said that she was "after our own heart". Under the circumstances this might have been only the natural feeling on his part and far from right, but he was exactly right and had received already a part of the reward I mentioned above.

They live on Coit Street in Florence, S.C. The place is the old Mouzon home, and belongs to our family. There are two sons, Arthur Jones Ranson III and Charles Rigby Ranson, four years and one year, respectively. They lost their first, Lillian Kate, which they told us they wouldn't take anything for if it were not the Father's will for her to remain longer than five short days. They were living in Florence when the war came on us and Arthur served as recruiting officer of the Navy, getting his training at Norfolk, Va., throughout the war in his own state, in Charleston, Spartanburg, and back to Florence, where he had an office to which he gave half time and half time to his recruiting.

Looking through his college annual of 1934, the year of his graduation, was this description, "When you see a boy whose conduct, appearance, and every action makes him easily distinguishable from a million others, and whose every glance showed individuality - that's

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5-b

Speaking of college annual, reminded me that Arthur specialized in Expression and Football in both H.S. and college, and won his laurels in them. He played in the backfield as does another of the Walkers, Doak of S. M. U., which is a generation younger than Arthur, and was Southern Methodist's All-American halfback in 1947. Too, I am sure that there is at least one of our Walker's a minister of the Gospel, Fred Walker, son of H. L. and Gussie Sims Walker. We hear fine reports of him. He has just been made Vice President of the College of the Ozarks with business office in Chicago.

*Doak remembered his record.  
Doak Walker*

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5-c

Our Walkers were not represented in World War No. I, the few who were of proper age were not called into service because of the nature of the business in which they were engaged; e.g. Our brothers Frank and Lloyd Walker were Secretaries in Magnolia Petroleum Co., Dallas, Texas, and others had just as acceptable reasons. However, we were proud of the number and record of the men we gave to World War No. II. It may prove helpful, as well as interesting, to give here the list of them, which is as follows:

BETTIE (WALKER) CRAIG'S FAMILY

Willmot W. Craig - Lieut. Com. Navy -- Petroleum Inspector  
John S. Craig - Lieut. (j.g.) Navy  
Henry F. Craig - Corporal - Army  
Edgar E. Craig - Navy, Chief Petty Officer. Sea Bees.  
Maurice H. Craig - Marine Sgt.

ESTALINE (WALKER) GALLOWAY'S FAMILY

Robert B. Galloway - Colonel, 2nd Armored Div. Pattons Army.

LLOYD WALKER'S FAMILY

Keith F. Walker, Air Corp. Aerial Photography

FRANK WALKER'S FAMILY

Dennie F. Walker - Army, Medical Discharge

KATE (WALKER) RANSON'S FAMILY

Arthur J. Ranson, Jr. - Navy, Chief Petty Officer, Recruiting

Frank L. Woodruff, 3rd. Grandson - Army Air Force, Test Pilot, Lt.

(Frank and Mary Ranson Woodruff's son.)

These all survived, and returned to loved ones.



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6-a

KATE WALKER RANSON, DAUGHTER OF A.B.M. WALKER AND  
SUSAN MORGAN WALKER

I was married to Rev. A.J. Ranson in Corsicana, Texas Dec. 21, 1903. Mr. Ranson had been in the ministry eight years at that time. After serving together two years in Corsicana, we answered the call to Spartanburg, S.C., where we built the church and at the end of five years, when the congregation was organized and the church finished, we again felt the call of our church and of our Master, this time to join Miss Alexander in service in India.

We went out in 1910 and returned from the first term of service in 1917 "with ~~out~~ great joy declaring what God was doing" through His church in our section of India with the choosing of the field, the getting of the language, the organizing of the work, the visiting of the villages, the building of houses, the selection of the land given Christians by the Government and settling of farmers upon it, with all these things and more there was never a dull moment.

We returned to India near the close of World War One in 1918 and continued in the work until 1924 when ill health on the part of Mr. Ranson shortened this second term a bit.

Our two furloughs were spent for the greater part at Due West, from which headquarters we worked at the stirring up of greater interest in India, generally, and in our own field in the Punjab, now Pakistan, particularly.

Mr. Ranson's health condition came finally to a throat operation, after which Dr. Chevalier Jackson of Philadelphia advised against a return to India for some years. When at last the health examination that determined the going came, we were kept at home but there has been no cessation of full time service. God's goodness and mercy have surely followed us.

As soon as Mr. Ranson was able to take up work, after the throat experience, we served our Newberry congregation for ten months, then Bryson College two years, New Albany congregation, Mississippi, sixteen years, and for the remaining three years have been in Lancaster, S.C., serving at first both Shiloh and Springdale, in the emergency of the scarcity of ministers, until Mr. Ranson's strength necessitated his ~~life~~ giving up Springdale. (He outlined her - c.f.p.)

We realized when considering the urge to go to India that there was a better time to go, on several accounts, especially health and language, so we purposed to go, and stay if we could for a long service, and if we could not for any cause to serve just as happily wherever God directed us. He has helped us to stick to our

*I worked out  
from N.A. at  
Blue Springs,  
not knowing I  
was not deep  
in kin!*

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6-b

We have been grateful for this marvelous kindness through the years of His right hand. It might be helpful to mention two things more we have appreciated in our work, namely, that every place we have been mentioning has been made of our team work and everywhere we have had many requests for prayer "not unto us O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." "It is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord."

The above was written on yesterday. This morning we received a request in our mail from a friend seven hundred miles away that earnest prayer be made for a loved one very ill.

Intercession is to us a wonderful and satisfactory way of Christian service. Try it.

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7-a

A.B.M. WALKER, SON OF A.B. WALKER AND  
MARY DOAK MATTHEWS WALKER

A.B.M. Walker was the 12th of 13 children and too young to get into the War between the States. He was made chief care taker of valuable things, especially livestock, that he, with the help of some colored men kept hidden away in the virgin woods at the back of the place. His father was too old for war, but along with men of his age did suffer imprisonment in Nashville for some time. Uncle Will Ross, my father's oldest brother, was wounded, and died August 27, 1880, while he lost another brother, Neal O., at the battle of Raymond, Mississippi on May 12, 1863. *Home ground, my parents!!*

When I first can remember our family numbered 14, viz., Grandfather and Grandmother, my Father and Mother, the 8 children of us, and two grandsons of Grandfather who assisted my Father in looking after that part of the plantation that was my Grandfather's. Fourteen sat down at the table when we had only the homefolks, and I remember to have heard my Mother say that during the busiest seasons of the year we seldom sat down without guest to a meal or spent a night alone.

Besides the land, mules, and negroes (there was no cotton to speak of) to keep the place buzzing, my father, especially, was greatly interested in and engaged in raising those Tennessee horses and "Loudens", too. Of the latter I have remember, besides Louden, only Midnight, a beautiful, black with mealy nose. Who could be said to know Maury County at all without knowing Mule Day, or the First Monday of April in Columbia? My Father inherited his love for horses, and I see, from the Walkers away back, and he could ride like Captain Andrew Walker and his cowboys of Revolutionary days. *(Story of Jane riding some 4 or 5 miles to Camden to take aid to Thomas who was held there by British made also girls capturable on horseback too. I never had it!)*

Prince Pulaski was the horse I remember best. My Father first owned him when I was a very small girl. After some years he was sold to someone in Macon, Ga. There were others after Prince but not one that could match him, and the people came more and more to look for the Prince Pulaski stock as they grew scarcer and finally my Father had to buy Prince back. The night he was taken from the train in Columbia after being eight years away my Father always felt sure Prince knew he was coming home, for he neighed the entire eight miles to our home on the Pulaski pike south of Columbia. He was kept this time to a good old age and the family stood around him when he died. Papa was very proud to write to us in India when Prince's grandson Hal Direct broke the world's pacing record. Dr. W. W. Orr, Mr. *Page 71 of 108* uncle by marriage and my Father's good friend, liked the horses, too. One could scarcely forget the picture he made on Snowwheel.



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7-b and 8

It must have been a great move for health's sake, for Mother who was not expected to weather middle Tennessee winters, remained to welcome us home from India two terms of seven years each, and did not pass away until we were at Bryson College in 1929.

The financial side did not fare so well. The neighbors of the lifetime of the Walkers in Maury Co. did not favour the change. They attempted to discourage Papa by asking "What have you done after all of these years that you have to run away to Texas?" Others said "Be careful some of those sleek fellows don't get your money." Then it was my Father's testing time came, and he was fond of saying that until a man was tested you couldn't say what was in him. Because crude oil was discovered, as we were on our way, the business arranged on a prospecting trip was no longer to be a good one, so something else had to be found. He knew little of hardware stores, grocery stores, and the other business there. In spite of the warning he did suffer losses until little was left save the suitable home we had found. His situation proved the man. He could have filled salaried places well, just as well as he could, my brother said, but his age was against this solution. Finally, he said to my Mother, whom he called "Dutchy" for a nickname,, "Dutchy, I am ~~x~~going to have to start a business of my own on the smallest scale or allow you to pay my church collection."

He was a friendly, neighborly man and had in a few years become wonderfully well acquainted through the places of business with which he was connected but none of us would have thought he could have made the venture, for he had never known what it was to be anything but financially easy. He, in looking around, remembered a business in Columbia, Tennessee, which he determined to try. It was to grow into a shipping business. After a few years, he had to call his son Henry home to help him and at his death I feel sure he had made as much ~~asx~~ he had lost. What an object lesson that business was to his children and friends and how proud they were of him! But I have not told you plain out the secret of this remarkable come back at his age. He was a Christian and loved his fellowman. We were serving our second term in India when the death cable came of my Father. We received five such during that seven years; namely, Mr. Ranson's Mother, my brother Edd, and his Son Garrett, a junior in college was ~~d~~owned. Loved ones and friends wrote of Papa's sudden death, of the home's being unable to hold the flowers, of the people who came to show him honor from all groups, of the contrast so noticeable of another taken about the same time. I am writing these things down for those who will come after me, more especially, for those present will have known already.

A little grandson, after his death, described him best when he left his play on realizing that Christmas was nearing and went to his mother to inquire who would be Santa Claus now that Grandfather was

(omitted by  
typist)  
↓  
{ my father's  
our daughter  
Mary (Mrs.  
Frank Woodruff, Jr.)  
↑  
omitted in copy

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9

A.B. WALKER, (1ST CHILD OF ESQ. JOHN WALKER & SALLIE (SARAH J.)

§ MCCAIN WALKER

*This girl is related to  
Dr. Wm. McCain who was  
pres. of USM for a no. of  
years - just retired.*

BIRTHS

A. B. WALKER	BORN JULY 16, 1805
MARY D MATTHEWS	MAY 18, 1808
SARAH MCCAIN WALKER	NOV. 9, 1828
MARGARET ELEANOR WALKER	NOV. 5, 1830
WILLIAM ROSS	FEB. 21, 1833
JOHN ANDERSON	JAN. 18, 1835
JOHN MATTHEWS	AUG. 18, 1836
ROBT. BOYD	JUNE 3, 1838
CALVERT ELINGTON	FEB. 11, 1840
NEAL GORDON	SEPT. 1, 1841
ELIZA ANN	DEC. 31, 1843
MARY ADALINE	AUG. 22, 1845
MARTHA JANE	JULY 24, 1847
ANDREW BOYD MATTHEWS	SEPT 7, 1849
AGNES LOUISE	MAY 9, 1851

*Robt. Boyd appears often enough for me to feel  
that may have been name of Eliza Boyd Walker,  
immigrant.*

MARRIAGES

ANDREW B. WALKER AND MARY D. MATTHEWS JANUARY 8, 1828  
ROBERT M. SCOTT AND SARAH M WALKER JUNE 24, 1847  
JAMES C. MOORE AND MARGARET E. WALKER NOV. 11, 1852  
WILLIAM ROSS WALKER AND ANN J. GILMER JULY 27, 1859  
MARIAN HARLOW AND ELIZA ANN WALKER OCT. 6, 1870  
A. B. M. WALKER AND ADELIA J. NELSON APRIL 25, 1872  
A. B. M. WALKER AND SUSIE H. MORGAN JAN. 9, 1877

DEATHS

JOHN ANDERSON WALKER	NOV. 20, 1835	AGE 10 MONTHS AND 2 DAYS
JOHN MATTHEWS	" AUG. 21, 1837	12 3
ROBERT BOYD	" JUNE 14, 1839	12 11
CALVERT ELINGTON	" SEPT 8, 1840	6 27
MARY ADELINE	" JAN 18, 1847	1 YEAR 24 MOS. 27 DAYS
MARTHA JANE	" NOV. 21, 1848	15 MONTHS AND 27 DAYS
AGNES LOUISE	" FEB. 1, 1858	6 YEARS 8 MONTHS 22 DAYS
NEAL G.	" MAY 12, 1863	21 7 11 DAYS
(KILLED RAYMOND, MISS. C. S. A.)		
WILLIAM R.	" AUG. 27, 1880	47 6 6 DAYS
MARY BOYD	" MAR. 20, 1881	75 10 12

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*note contradiction & spouse of - did I say, not too clearly.*

10.

A. B. WALKER MARRIED MARY DOAK MATTHEWS, JAMES MATTHEWS LINE

1. James Matthews Sr. born County in Antrim, Ireland. Came to America about 1740 probably with the Doak Brothers. We know one Alexander Matthews came over with them. I do not know who the wife of this James Matthews was.
2. James Matthews, Jr. born in County Antrim, Ireland, Aug. 12, 1739, from tombstone record in Matthew's cemetery and Abner Matthew's family Bible. Mary Doak Matthews, his wife, born June 30, 1749 and died March 17, 1833 (Abner Matthews was the youngest son of James Matthews and Mary Doak Matthews)
3. Joseph Matthews, born Jan. 13, 1779, died June 7, 1847, married about 1800 to Sarah Walker who died Aug. 29, 1855.
4. Robert Matthews, born \_\_\_\_\_ died \_\_\_\_\_.  
Married:
  1. Eliza Galloway (William Matthews m. Susie Bilbreath  
(James Matthews m. Alice Morgan, Kate Walker Ranson's mother's sister
  2. Jane Brown (Agnes Matthews m. John Gilbreath  
(Brown Matthews \_\_\_\_\_

In addition to Robert Matthews (4) there were eight other children born to Joseph and Sarah Matthews. Mary Doak Matthews who married A. B. Walker was one of the eight. She was Grandmother to Kate Walker Ranson, compiler of this history, and her full record is in the Walker line.

*Note: (3)*

*Joseph Matthews, Born Jan. 13, 1779  
Died June 7, 1847  
married about 1800*

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11.

JOHN WALKER, ESQ. 1st CHILD OF CAPT. ANDREW WALKER  
B. Waxhaw Section Union Co., N.C. Jan. 23, 1781  
D. July 27, 1858, age 77 years 6 mos. and 4 days

1st married about Oct. 11, 1804 (says Geo. D. Winchester of Mineral Springs, N.C.), Sallie (Sarah J.) McCain who D. Jan. 6, 1822, 38 years, 5 mos., and 15 days. Seven children were born to them.

2nd married Mary Tirzah Crims. (There were no children)  
April 1, 1823

3rd married Hannah E. McCorkel. Four children were recorded.

The record of John Walker, Esq. his three marriages continued.

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12.

JOHN WALKER, ESQ. FATHER OF A. B. WALKER (KATE WALKER RANSON'S GRANDFATHER) 1st MARRIED SALLIE (SARAH J.) McCAIN

- A. Andrew Boyd Walker (his births, marriages, deaths, p.9 and 10
- B. Nellie m. John Walker
- C. Sallie (Sarah) m. Huey McCain
- D. Wm. McCain m. Hagan
- E. Margaret m. Winchester
- F. John J. m. SALLIE MATTHEWS
- G. Elizabeth or Betsy

- A. Andrew Boyd Walker Born July 16, 1805-full record another place-  
pages 9 and 10
- B. ~~Nellie m. John Walker~~ married Mary Doak Matthew born May 18, 1808-  
Matthew's line another place - page 10
- B. Nellie Walker born 1807 married John Walker, children, Mary Jane,  
Tom, Calvin.
- C. Sallie Walker born 1809 married Huey McCain - Children:  
Evelyn M. Wm. Barker (children: Charles, Everett, Anna)  
Ellen M. Andrew Scott  
John Ellis M. Callie Carter  
Elizabeth Jane M. Calvin Warden  
Sallie died during the war  
Hugh Miller M. Nannie Jones, their children- Ura May,  
Baulah, Lizzie, Claud and Pearl.  
Cassie Andrew died young  
Minerva Ophelia died young  
Martha Adel Knok M. Cicero Woods
- D. Wm. McCain Walker born Oct. 13, 1811 D. Oct. 12, 1874, 1st  
married Feb. 27, 1833 Kisiah V. Hagan B. Nov. 16, 1811, D. Oct.  
5, 1845 Children:  
Sarah Adeline B. Feb. 1, 1834, D. July 1, 1902  
Mary Tirzah B. Feb. 10, 1837, D. Jan. 13, 1935  
Margaret Jane B. June 25, 1841, D. July 10, 1888  
Wm. McCain Walker 2nd marriage (Cousin John e. Walker's Mother)  
Margaret  
Batie Alexander B. Dec. 27, 1822, D. June 29, 1901 Children:  
John Euel B. Sept. 30, 1848, D. Feb. 25, 1916  
Wm. James B. Oct. 23, 1851 D. Apr. 28, 1868) Twins  
Martha Lou B. Oct. 23, 1851 D. Aug. 28, 1854)
- E. Margaret Walker married George Winchester. Children:  
Jane m. Josiah Craig  
Sarah Elizabeth m. a Whole  
George Robert m. a Whole
- F. John J. Walker D. Sept 5, 1855 (John Mack's father) M. Sallie



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13.

First child by John Esq. and Hannah McCorkle Walker was Millen who lost his leg and his life in the War Between the States.

Mary Jane Walker, dau. of Hannah & John Walker m Col. ~~Wm.~~ McCain

Children: John W. McCain m. Mamie Balk (died March 1930)  
Maggie McCain m. William McMurray  
George McCain m. Anna Walkup  
Ervin McCain m. Bright Austin  
Dr. Will McCain ~~m. Bright~~ High Point, N. C. Clyde Niven  
Laura McCain m. Mr. Kennett  
White McCain m. Alma Cunningham

Martha Walker, dau. of Hannah & John Walker m. Robert Billue

Children: Emily Billue m. Jay Steele  
Maggie Billue m. 1st Ervin Watterson, 2nd Wm. Huey  
Carrie Billue m. Richard Niven  
Sallie Billue m. Washington Laney  
Roxanna Billue m. Ervin Simpson (died June 6, 1930)  
William Billue m. Cora Yarborough  
John W. Billue m. Earl Wier

Caroline Walker, dau. of Hannah & John Walker m. Allison Simpson

Children: M. Walker Simpson m. Sallie McIlwaine  
David Simpson m. Odessa Richardson  
Robert Simpson m. 1st Ella Helms, 2nd Fannie Helms  
George Simpson  
Leonard Simpson m. Eva Porter  
Anna Simpson m. Billie Stewart  
Miller Simpson m. Sudie Steele  
William W. Simpson  
Pratt Simpson m. 1st. Belle Hendrix, 2nd Elizabeth Anderson  
Carrie Simpson m. R. L. <sup>M</sup>ontgomery  
Baxter Simpson ----  
Boyd Simpson ----  
Hall Simpson ----

*Some Billue cross-married with my Huey-Hamie lineage, etc.*

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14.

FATHER AND MOTHER OF ESQ. J. WALKER'S 3RD WIFE

James McCorkle, born Sept. 11, 1774 d. Sept. 2, 1854 m Mary Cousar  
Children: Archibald C. McCorkle b. July 10, 1809 d. Jun. 7, 185-  
Hannah E. McCorkle b. March 7, 1807 d. 1878 m. John Walker  
Mary D. McCorkle b. June 25, 1811 d. Aug. 22, 1877 m.

1st Mr. Ormand  
Sarah H. McCorkle b. May 20, 1813 m. James Clark; <sup>Second</sup> Ivey  
James J. McCorkle b. Nov. 22, 1815  
Martha Caroline McCorkle b. Sept. 11, 1818 d. Jan. 10, 1847  
Agnes McCorkle b. April 15, 1821 d. Feb. 22, 1822  
Jane L. McCorkle b. Feb. 21, 1823 d. Sept. 23, 1846  
Margaret L. McCorkle b. Sept. 25, 1824 d. m. James Price

Hannah Elizabeth McCorkle m. Capt. John Walker b. Jan. 23, 1781 d.  
(m. Nov. 16, 1841) July 27, 1858  
Children: James Millen Walker b. Oct. 16, 1842 killed in Civil/  
War Oct. 31, 1863  
Mary Jane Walker b. April 9, 1844 m. Nov. 24, 1859  
Col. W.J. McCain  
Martha L. Walker b. Oct. 6, 1846 m. Oct. 2, 1868  
Robt. J. Billue  
Easter Caroline Walker b. Sept. 2, 1849 m. Dec. 4, 1866  
Allison Simpson

Mary D. McCorkle married Andrew Ormand  
Children: Mary J. Ormand m. Russell Smith of Florida  
(5 children all died in infancy)

Sarah H. McCorkle m. 1st. James Clark, 2nd Mr. Ivey  
Children: James P. Clark, John B. Clark, Mary Jane Clark  
Sarah Ann Clark,  
Archibald Mc Clark, Franklin N. Clark,  
William D.S. Clark,  
Margaret E. Clark, Martha H. Clark

James W. Price m. Margaret L. McCorkle  
Children: Sarah E. Price b. Sept. 8, 1856 died  
(Cou. Lizzie Price of Waverly)  
Infant daughter b. 1858  
John C. Price b. July 16, 1859 d. 1930

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15.

CAPT. ANDREW WALKER, FIRST CHILD OF COUNTY ANTRIN JOHN WALKER, IRELAND

*arrived age 12!*

Capt. Andrew Walker b. Ireland or on Sea Dec. 5, 1756, d. Sept. 20, 1845

1st married Sarah Cry b. March 5, 1757 d. Nov. 1798

Children: John Walker, Esq. m. Sallie (Sarah J.) McCain

Elizabeth (Lizzie) m. Houston-James Newell Houston, Jan. 4, 1798

son of James and J.C. Mack. Dist. N.C.

Houston m. Geo. D. Winchester marriage

*recorded in Clements, N.C.S. Carolina*

Sallie m. Joseph Matthews

Margaret m. James Porter *Hugh Porter marriage*

Catherine *conflicting records as to when married to James Porter*

Ester Walker m. Aaron Houston - *per Houston Bible*

2nd marriage was to Anne Grant - no record of any children.

Capt. Andrew Walker was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and there is a marker at his Son's grave, Esq. John Walker, in the Walker Family graveyard near Walkersville, Union Co., N.C. with these words:

CAPT. ANDREW WALKER  
IRVIN'S  
N.C. R EGT.  
REVOLUTIONARY WAR

From Huey-Walker Notes, in a letter from James G. L. Huey, Magnolia, Bibb. Co., Alabama, in 1884 to his Cousin George Huey, he tells that ~~he~~ this Grandfather James Huey married John Walker's Daughter Jane, whose oldest brother and the oldest child of John Walker was ~~the~~ Capt. Andrew and the youngest of them was Thomas. There is much interesting history in these notes, and in letters from others connected with the Walker family, for the Walkers and all so immediately concerned as they.

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16.

JOHN WALKER, COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND

John Walker from Co. Antrim, married a Miss Boyd before leaving the old country, and to this union three children, at least, were born, Capt. Andrew, Jane and Thomas.

Oldest child Capt. Andrew Walker born before leaving Co. Antrim, Ireland or on ship coming over Dec. 5, 1756 and died Sept. 20, 1845. He married 1st Sarah Cry b. March 25, 1757 and died Sept. Nov. 1798

Children: John Walker, Esq. m. Sarah J. McCain

Elizabeth (Lizzie) m Houston - *James Newell Houston, Jan. 4, 1772, Newburg, N.C.*

Sallie m. Matthews

Margaret m. ~~Porter~~ *too young to be mother of Andrew Walker Porter - who seems to have been adopted son of Miss Porter.*

Catherine. ~~nothing further~~ *nothing further*

2nd marriage was to Anne Grant, no record of children.

2nd child Jane Walker, married James Huey who came from the same place in Ireland she did and settled as her family did in the Waxhaw neighborhood. He had come to a short time before the Revolutionary War and joined the army under General Thomas Sumter and served until the close of the struggle. From his record he was a good soldier. After that he was married first to a Miss Coiffe who lived only a short time; then his old sweetheart and first love, Miss Jane Walker, daughter of John Walker and a Miss Boyd. James G. B. Huey writes in the Huey-Walker Notes to his Cousin George Huey the following:

#The children of the marriage of my Grandfather James Huey to Jane Walker, daughter of John Walker, Antrim County, Ireland were:

Alexander Boyd Huey, my father

Robert Davis Huey, George Huey's Grandfather

John Boyd Huey

James Huey

Thomas Walker Huey

Jennie Huey who married David Walkup

I wonder if the names John, Andrew, Boyd, Thomas, Sara, Margaret and others will continue to follow this history right on generation after generation as they have done hitherto. How reassuring they have been.

The third child, Thomas Walker died 1847 at the age of 88

Eleanor Walker died Dec. 15, 1846



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17-a

A.B. Walker, son of JOHN WALKER, ESQ. AND HIS 1ST WIFE  
SARAH JANE MCCAIN WALKER

Andrew Boyd Walker was the eldest of all the children of John Walker, Esq. He was born at Walkersville, Union County, N.C. and rode away horseback to the Hopewell community, Maury Co., Middle Tenn., then still little more than a cane brake, when he was nineteen years of age. There he joined relatives and friends who had preceded him to the promising new country, which was in time to be called the garden spot of Tennessee.

The prospects for accomodation in his kinsman's log cabin must have been very discouraging, on the surface, at arrival from his own description. He was evidently weary, hungry, and homesick. Eager faces soon gathered about the young man to see one from the old home and to hear the news. The ice was broken and before very long, Polly the young daughter, took down the bread tray and other necessary things in preparation of the evening meal, from a trap door in the ceiling. They must have known in that early time the way to a man's heart, for never was there such a meal as the one prepared there before them all on the open fire, my Grandfather always declared. You have guessed the sequel, Grandfather and Mary Doak Matthews were married in due time and most happily pioneered together and helped to build one of our strongest communities.

The first home was a log cabin with dirt floor, then, they advanced so much that they were able to have a log cabin with a wooden floor, and at last, their permanent home was built, colonial, of course, and we might say handmade for Grandfather and a colored man picked and sawed by hand all the timber, from the virgin forest that ~~the~~ formed the background of the place, that went into the big house as the colored people called it. Big it needed to be, for when I was a child, the Grandfather, their youngest son, my Father, A.B.M. Walker, and my Mother and the eight children of us, and two of Grandfather's grandsons who looked after his part of the business making fourteen in all who regularly sat down at our table. Besides the A.R.P. ministers and our school teachers were oftener than not our guest. Although when I was first carried to church, at about three weeks old, we had a handsome old church, slave gallery and all, we did not have a manse at Hopewell until Rev. W.B. Logan was our pastor in 1893, for Dr. J.H. Peoples had his own home.

Grandfather was quiet and very strict in manner of life. Business was business whether dealing with sons and grandsons or with neighbors or and strangers, but he was honored by all. The children would try to ~~him~~ out sometimes, but when they went too far in word or way, his

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17-b

Another thing that helped to pass the time for him till the last was gardening, and my Father's worry was that he often chose the middle of the day when the sun was the hottest to be out. He didn't believe in sleeping in the day, so, we know that he was driving sleep away. There were few of the old fashioned flowers he did not have, and you found them in the vegetable garden as well as the yard as was our customary then.

He was six feet in his socks and a large and strong man. Stories were told of his fearlessness. I remember this one concerning the War Between the States. He was too old to go to war and my Father was too young, but at some stage of the war the old men of our section were put in prison in Nashville. When they came for Grandfather they found at the woodpile near the house and ordered him to come along in his shirt sleeves, and without any preparation. He told them that he would go in and get ready and bid his family goodbye and then he would be at their command.

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18-a

My father and some of the colored men kept horses, mules and many other things in a certain place in that same forest back of the home. The other two sons served in the war, and Uncle Neal who had just graduated from college was killed at Raymond, Miss., while the older Uncle Will Rose, was wounded and lived some years after the close of the war, the latter was the great grandfather of the football player of present day fame, Southern Methodist halfback who was picked on the 1947 All-American, viz., Doak Walker.

Grandfather was a true believer and loyal to the church in which he was trained and dwelt all his eighty four years. In childhood and young manhood he belonged to what was then the Tirzah A.R.P. church, the church of his parents, but is now known as the Tirzah Presbyterians church. This church is in Union County, N.C., and we have been told that the present building is the third. It was thrilling experience to visit and talk of India at Tirzah. When he arrived in Maury Co. ~~xxxxx~~ as I think in 1824, Hopewell A.R.P. church had been organized in 1820 with thirty five members. Rex was first a member and then an Elder the rest of his life. Dr. Issac Grier organized the church and Rev. R.M. Calloway became the first pastor in 1824. According to the history I have seen, Synod has met there three times; namely, 1840, 1859, and 1874 with Rev. James P. Pressly, Rev. Henry Bryson and Rev. R. W. BRICE Moderators successively. Before I was born in 1879, Rev. J. K. Boyce and Rev. J. H. Bryson also had been pastors of Hopewell, and their names and Rev. Henry Bryson's were household word in the home as early as I can remember, but Dr. J. H. Peoples was my pastor, for he was pastor when I was born and when I went to Due West to college. This reminds me of something my Mother enjoyed very much. In calling over to Dr. Peoples my roommates, she mentioned Hallie Brice, whereupon he said, "She is all right. She is kin to my wife." We loved Dr. Peoples. This maker of sermons called from Dr. W.W. Orr, who was a great orator, the following declaration, "If Dr. Peoples would prepare the sermons, and I deliver them, we could stir the country for our cause," and so sympathetic and helpful was he as a pastor that as long as he lived, some years after he retired, his old congregation felt no one could take his place in pastoral service. The following incident is somewhat revealing just here. In the first place, it shows something of distance we have come in the way of change of religious customs since the time of which I am writing. It also shows how different a good father and a worthy son may be.

It used to be said of Grandfather that he was a Walker, meaning that he was serious minded and as little given to joking as a Scotchman, while my Father was a Matthews and like his Mother's people enjoyed a joke and every kind of wholesome fun. James Calloway, a very small

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18-b

The visiting minister was seated with Dr. Peoples in the pulpit. When all who were prepared were invited to come to the table, they did so and Dr. Peoples conducted the service in his usual solemn and impressive way. As it was in accord with the rule of the church, I wonder how many thought of our visitor; and what must have been his feelings as he sat there uninvited to his Lord's Table. It was more than my Father, always so friendly and sociable, could stand, and back at home he told his Father how it seemed so wrong to him ~~that~~ their guest did not have a seat with them at the Lord's Supper, and how he felt about close communion. Grandfather said "I say, I say, just leave the matter with me and I believe such a thing will never occur again at Hopewell", and I have been told that there was no further close Communion.

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19.

One of the things that impressed me most about his worship in the church was that, while he could never sing, he held his Psalm book always before him and called over the words as others sang them.

When and if you are traveling the Bee Line highway from Columbia to Pulaski (this highway was at the first Pulaski pike) in about eight miles, a short distance to your right, you can see old Hopewell, then another short distance, and a half mile to your left the old Walker home, located on a high plateau, proudly overlooks the beautiful valley in which Hopewell is located. These both are Maury County landmarks.

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20.

ESQUIRE JOHN WALKER, SON OF CAPT. ANDREW WALKER &  
SARAH CRY WALKER

In 1946, about a year after Mr. Ranson and I came to Lancaster, I was feeling well enough settled enough to begin a pleasant task I had long looked forward to. This reminds me of the story told about Frank Orr of Charlotte and his caddy. When in the game, they rested for a moment, Frank turned quite abruptly on the boys and said, "You have ancestors". "No", said he, most excitedly, "I may have lots of things, but I sure don't have ancestors". I had ancestors and knew it and was determined to investigate the matter.

From a very small child, I heard of my Grandfather Walker's childhood home in the Waxhaw Section, Union County, N.C. and many of the names among his people were very familiar to us, his children and my immediate family was when Grandfather's Half-Sister, Aunt Jane McCain's, Son Cousin Erwin McCain and her Daughter Cousin Laura came to visit old Hopewell community, Maury Co., Tenn., early in the nineties, unfortunately after Grandfather and Grandmother had passed away, and Mr. Ranson and I returned that visit, from Charlotte, Christmas 1903, when we were on our wedding trip.

Aunt Jane and her family impressed us with the large number of the kindred on short notice and for a day only, they had got together. The glowing open fires and the real Christmas dinner, added warmth to the hospitality, for it was what I like to speak of as Charlotte weather. The great thrill for me came when Cousin Erwin took us to see Grandfather's old home, at or near Walkersville, and the family burial grounds hard near by. The house, while not standing now, was there, having wooden pins for nails, large fire place, which so impressed us by its twofold usefulness, for while one half had a fire sufficient to warming the place, a little housewife sat in comfort in her caned cotton chair in the other half. Then, we went to the graveyard and Mr. Ranson, as cold as it was, wrote on the precious bit of paper he happened to have and I copy from it now, what we found written on the stones of Grandfather's father and mother and my great Grandparents Sarah J. Walker and John Walker, Esq. "In memory of Sarah J. Walker wife of John Walker, who departed this life January , 1822 aged 38 years, 5 mos., and 15 days. Her memory is dear to those who know her best", and, "In memory of John Walker, Esq. who departed this life July 27, 1858, aged 77 yrs. 6 mos. and 4 days leaving a wife and seven children to mourn their irreparable loss. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord'". I am adding that he was born in 18 1780.

My brothers and sisters, I find also "have ancestors", and Estaline, Mrs. Robert Galloway, sent me recently the following article from a newspaper, which "Rob" typed for her;

"Died at his residence in Union Co., N.C. on July 27, 1858

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20. b

Esq. Walker was raised under the principles of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church and in early life connected himself with the congregation worshipping at Tirzah; and ~~i~~ was more than half a century a meek and humble follower of the Lamb. He was three times married, and raised a tolerable numerous family in the religious principles he himself professed; and enjoyed the distinguished privilege of seeing them walk in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord. In the death of Esq. Walker, the neighborhood and church have lost a member that will not be easily supplied. He seemed to have had something like a premonition of his approaching departure. A few days before his death he walked out to the graveyard, which was near, in company with Mrs. Walker, and was observed to contemplate with more than usual solemnity, the last resting place of loved ones till at length struggling emotions vented themselves in a copious flood of tears.

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21.

He then remarked to Mts. Walker, 'I have been three times married and have lived about 17 years with each of my wives; I now think our separation is near'. More than 2 years ago, his son went to the Port Mill depot for the purpose of taking the cars to visit friends in Tenn. He spent the night in the hotel, and next morning as the company was rising to go to breakfast, Mr. Walker fell from his chair, and expired immediately. 'Verily in the midst of life we are in death.'.

This son John who died suddenly was Esq. John Walker's Son John J.; he was A.B. Walker's (my Grandfather's) own brother; John Mack Walker's father. He married Sallie Matthews. He and Sallie were both buried at Walker cemetery.

I am finding some very interesting things, and helpful. In the first place, the names Boyd, John, Andrew, Thomas, Sarah, Margaret, and others encourage and give assurance from to generation to generation, from our children of this time, back to John and James of County Antrim. Then, the love of certain things and like inclination follow on. Perhaps the most worthwhile and happy thing is the passing along a goodly heritage, as Squire John of this narrative evidently did, and others also have done.

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22.A

CAPT. ANDREW WALKER, FIRST SON OF JOHN WALKER, COUNTY  
ANTRIM, IRELAND AND  
MISS BOYD, COUNTY ANTRIM

Capt. Andrew Walker is the writer's (Kate Walker Ranson) great, great grandfather and his father John is her great, great, great grandfather. I wish to go softly now in the presence of these numerous greats, and that I have the courage and assurance to move on at all is due to the Pension Claims, Controllers Records, and such governmental aids found in Washington, Salisbury, Lancaster and Charlotte and the help of friends through their family records, dating back nearly two hundred years. I wish just here to acknowledge the great help from the Huey, the Nelson, the Matthew, the Walker families; and that Mr. N. B. Smith, Attorney, McRae, Ga.; and Mrs. Bundy, Montoe, N.C.; and my own D.A.R. Regant Mrs. Hough; and many others have been of great inspiration to me in this kind of service.

In a letter from Mr. James G.L. Huey to his cousin George Huey, dated June 19, 1884, he writes: "We were originally of Scotch stock who sailed from the shores of Scotland soon after the battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, in 1690, by which the Catholics of the Northern part of Ireland were defeated by the force of King William and the opening up the country to Protestant immigration. The enterprising people of the adjacent coast of Scotland availed themselves of the opening of a fine country, emigrated in considerable numbers to the Emerald Isle, landing mostly in Londonderry, and spreading out in the direction of Belfast, occupied the counties of Down and Antrim, forming what was designated the Scotch-Irish population of that fertile part of the country, where our immediate races of people became Irishmen, through of pure Calendonian blood, and were in faith true Protestants. I have in my genealogical family Bible the names of the old fathers whom I suppose were all respectable people, judging from the marriage connections formed.

My great grandfather, Hercules Huey, was the son of James and Margaret Huey, the sister of Lord Hercules Ellis, and my great grandfather in turn married Katherine Persee, daughter of Sir Richard Persee, a gentleman of wealth, and influence in that country. Their oldest son, Alexander Huey was trained for military life and through the influence of his mother's family was made a Captain of a war vessel in the British navy and sent on a cruise to the East Indies, where he probably died a hundred years ago. James Huey, the second son who was my grandfather, a short time before the Revolutionary War reached the southern colonies, landing in Charleston. Soon after, his mother and family came to America and settled in Waxhaw settlement in the upper part of S. C. Grandfather (James Huey) joined the army under General Thomas Sumter and served until the close of the struggle. His mother lost her first

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22-b

When John Walker settled in the old Waxhaw neighborhood he opened what was then called a good country store, and soon had accumulated a good stock of cattle, while his oldest son, Andrew Walker, took charge as herdsman. Being an expert horseman, when the British army overran that country under Lords Rawdon and Cornwallis he organized a company of which his cowboys made a part and harrassed the enemy a great deal in their foraging raids, and at one time after a desperate fight took 13 prisoners and with them effected an exchange for his brother, Thomas Walker and five others who were in the Camden jail among whom was Andrew Jackson x the distinguished hero of New Orleans. Most of them were boys and captured in the surrounding country. Andrew Walker's name appears with credit in several histories which I have seen, and I also remember the old man himself in his last years."

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23.

The children of the marriage of my grandfather to Jame Walker were:

Alexander Boyd Huey, my father  
Robert Davis Huey, who was your grandfather  
John Boyd Huey  
James Huey  
Thomas Walker Huey  
Jennie Huey who married David Walkup

Grandfather was born in Antrim county, Ireland, May 8, 1749 and died in 1836. Grandmother lived several years longer."

It appears certain that Captain Andrew was a son of the John Walker who joined the militia in 1755. As stated before, the five Walkers in that company were the first ones in the history of the family. Besides the Huey paper is positive that Andrew was a son of the John.

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By relinquishing every claim whatsoever to a pension, except the present, and declared his name is not on the pension roll under any agency in any State. Sworn at and subscribed before me at Day and year aforesaid. John N. Ingram. (Signed X) Andrew Walker.

On the same deposition, John McCain and Thomas Walker, of Mecklenburg County, and James Huey of Lancaster County, South Carolina, swore that they knew Andrew Walker and that all 3 had served with him during certain of his tours of duty and that they believe that his statements as to the whole service are correct.

Prior to this deposition of June, 1834, on the 14th of Jan. in a deposition before John Ingram, John McCain, Thomas Walker ~~and~~ and James Huey swore to his service, and they had personal knowledge of his having been Captain in a company. In this same deposition, Andrew Walker swore to the same services as he did later on the 7th of June, but in addition, the following statements were made; "Following the scrimmage at Walkup's Mill on the Waxhaw Creek, North Carolina, and after the time Cornwallis came through Macklenburg he retreated under Capt. McNite over Yadkin River, and was stationed there about 3 weeks and then he returned back to Macklenburg with Gen. Davidson on McCorpens Creek in March, 1871.

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25.

Then in May, he thinks, he received his commission of Captain from Col. Robert Irwin and commanded a company 12 months under Col. Irwin, thru North Carolina and South Carolina until May 1782". And he served in all 26 months. In answer to a question by Ingram-"I did receive a commission of Captain and it was signed by Col. Robert Irwin and it is finally lost or so mislaid so I cannot lay my hands on it."

On the 27th of August 1855, John Walker - only son of Andrew Walker made a claim for the purpose of obtaining money due his father, believing that his father ought to receive full pay as Captain for the time served, no evidence as to whether this was or was not rejected.

On July 7, 1852, - the clerk of Court, Union County, swore in a deposition that Andrew Walker was a Revolutionary pensioner of the United States at the rate of \$40.00, and he died 20th September, 1845, leaving surviving him 1 child, John Walker. ?

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26.

FROM N. C. STATE RECORDS

"In the well fought battle of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock, the North Carolinians under the command of Colos. Irvin, Huggins, and Maj. Davie, constituted the greater part of Gen. Sumter's command.

Col. Irvin joined Gen. Sumter of the march on Hanging Rock.

In 1780 Col. Irvin had 200 Mecklenburg militia who were at the attack at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock."

Capt. Andrew Walker's persion no. was 1673, district Salisbury, and militia 5948.

He served under Col. Irvin and others 26 months.

In some Huey - Walker history sent to me by Mrs. Sarah Huey Patterson, Mobile, Ala., I was pleased to see that Andrew Walker was her Revolutionary Ancestor, assisting in establishing American Independence, while acting in the capacity of Captain of Cavalry.

She also tells that, under a commission from the Governor of South Carolina, Andrew Walker raised a company of cowboys, in the employ of his Father John Walker, who had a large stock of cattle. With this force he greatly harressed the enemy, and at one time captured 13 foragers, belonging to the British. These were exchanged, two for one American soldier, among whom were Thomas Walker, his brother, and Andrew Jackson, both of whom were in prison at Camden, S.C.

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JOHN WALKER AND WIFE "WHO WAS A MISS BOYD" AND THEIR CHILDREN

In this narrative of events, I am debtor, especially to Mr. Jay Nelson, the Huey-Walker Notes, and to Attorney W. B. Smith, McRae, Georgia, whose office for many years has been one of the helpful clearing house for information passed around by the families connected with old Waxhaw section.

"When John Walker, Antrim County, Ireland, settled in the old Waxhaw settlements, he opened what was then called a good country store and soon had accumulated a large stock of cattle, while his eldest son, Andrew Walker, took charge as herdsman. Being an expert horseman, when the British army overran the country under Lords Rawden and Cornwallis, he organized a company of which his cowboys made a part, and harrassed the enemy a great deal in their ~~in~~ foraging raids. At one time after a desperate fight he took thirteen prisoners and with them got an exchange for his brother Thomas and five other soldiers who were with him in Camden Jail, among whom was Andrew Jackson, the distinguished hero of New Orleans. Most of them were boys and captured in the surrounding country. Andrew Walker's name appeared with credit in several histories which I have seen and I also remember the old man himself in his last years." The above paragraph was written by a grandson, James Huey who married Andrew's Sister Jane, who signs himself James G. L. Huey.

Jane Walker, daughter of John and Wife who was a Boyd both from Antrim Co., Ireland.

Another story of a woman in Revolutionary times.

James Grandison Laroy Huey who wrote his memoirs related a story of his own grandmother (who was a Walker from Waxhaw) and this story was about a single girl less than 20. It is as follows:

As a matter to show the zeal and courage of my venerable grandmother, I will venture to relate one incident which I have often heard from her own lips and others. After the fall of Camden its jail was filled with prisoners among whom was her baby brother, Thomas Walker. She resolved to ~~shave~~ some of the family comforts with him. At early dawn she was mounted on a good horse and with a bag full of provisions seeking ~~admittance~~ and long before the sun had set knocked at the door of Camden jail seeking admittance which after some delay was granted and she entered and emptied before her famished brother and his comrades, among whom was the son of a poor neighbor woman, who only then a boy of 14 had taken up arms in the cause of independence and at that early period had made himself worthy of bonds, having identified his life with the cause of liberty. He was confined in the same cell with her brother, and with wounds made after he was a prisoner was famishing for want.



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The distance that day and night was more than 80 miles. Some time she rode and would then walk and drive him before her. It was a wonderful performance and would have taxed the strength of a robust man. I remember her brother, Thomas Walker, very well and have heard him confirm the story as far as it related to him and his prison."

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APPENDIX

Ever since I arrived in Lancaster in September 1945, and before, I have been interested in the early history of the Walker Family in the Waxhaw Section of the Carolinas. When we were making ready to move here from New Albany, Mississippi, Mr. Jay Nelson began to write to us of the historic center, and a Mr. Tom Craig (T.M) to take much interest in this part of our coming. Some months before, we had in company with the above friends and others to visit the ruins of a church of the name of Shiloh, the same name as that of the church to which we soon were called, Shiloh, located five miles from Lancaster. In fact, the Shiloh near Offord, Miss., had largely grown out of the Shiloh here, and that day we saw the graves of Craigs, Griers, Walkers, and many others with whom our friends were well acquainted. The last time I saw Mr. Craig, on his death bed, he gave me the Craig Line and we have requests from Mr. Nelson, all of which we shall take much pleasure in looking into as soon as possible, I have felt that I must do my own first, since my Grandfather left here in 1824, and I am the first to have such an opportunity, which many are expecting will not be neglected by me.

In the helpful letters and notes I have received and the personal contacts I have made in this service, several times the name of Mrs. J. H. Patterson, 63 N. Monterey St., Mobile, Ala. has been mentioned as one who could give splendid help. It was so new to me, so much to learn "at home" that I did not get to writing to Mrs. Patterson and some others suggested from time to time until now. Mrs. Patterson was most prompt and I have received through her kindness new things and most valuable confirmation of things I had already received or had. In first place, I found that Mrs. Patterson was a Huey, the same Hueys with whom our Walkers are connected. The daughter of our first Walker, County Antrim (Ireland) John Walker, married ~~Jane Walker~~ James Huey, ~~May 8, 1759, some 13 miles west of Belfast, and married~~ both the Walker and Huey families came from the County of Antrim at the time of the Revolutionary War. James Huey was born County Antrim May 8, 1759, some 13 miles west of Belfast, and married Jane Walker, in the Waxhaw Settlement Feb. 8, 1787. James Huey had crossed the

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The children of the marriage of James Huey to Jane Walker, daughter of John Walker, Antrim Co., Ireland were:

Alexander Boyd Huey (G. L. HUEY'S father)

Robert Davis Huey

John Boyd Huey

James Huey

Thomas Walker Huey - (My great-grandfather- N. Crockett)

Jennie Huey m. David Walkup

Mrs. Patterson was the daughter of Benjamin Maclin Huey, the granddaughter of James G. L. Huey, and the great granddaughter of Alexander Boyd Huey, who was the eldest son of James and Jane Walker Huey.

Father and Mother of Mrs. Patterson:

Col. B. M. Huey b. June 15, 1840 d. May 26, 1906

Sarah King Huey b. Feb. 25, 1843 m. Col Huey June 9, 1863

Mrs. Patterson, wife of James Harvey Patterson b. in Marion, Ala., joined the Daughters of the American Revolution with Andrew Walker (above) as her Revolutionary ancestor.

While I have had both facts and figures from the pen of James Grandison Laroy Huey, sent me by friends, I have at last seen, through Mrs. Patterson's kindness, "A Genealogy of the Huey Family from Approximately 1690 to 1884 by James G. L. Huey". From my association and correspondence with the genealogist of these connected families, I am persuaded that it is all right for me to take some notes from this interesting material that I may assist in giving out pleasure, instruction, and inspiration I have found here.

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I was interested to see recorded that James G. L. Huey was born June 28, 1813, in Waxhaw Settlement, Lancaster District, S.C., especially, because it was just here my Grandfather A. B. Walker was born July 16, 1805, and attended Tirzah church until he went West (Maury Co., Tenn.) when he was about nineteen years of age. His Father Esq. John Walker and his Mother Sarah J. McCain are ~~x~~ buried together with other members of the family and kindred and slaves, in the Walker burial grounds, not far from Walkersville and Tirzah.

I note that James G. L. Huey's Father who was Alexander Boyd Huey and the first son of James and Jane Walker Huey served in the War of 1812, and with his company marched to the defense of Charleston.

It will be interesting to my family and many friends ~~xx~~ that there is an account of Rev. William Blackstock's ministry in the Waxhaw Settlement from 1825 to 1831. He is described as a learned and able minister of the "Associate Reformed Seceder Church". He resided near Mr. Alexander Boyd Huey's home, and boarded with the family. He was in his 70th year, and lost his wife many years before, desired to be near Tirzah church of which he was pastor, and seemed to have a peculiar friendship for his family. The love between James G. L. Huey and him was beautiful, and the former explained it as fatherly kindness because he had no child of his own. He was by birth and education an Irishman, passing his collegiate life in Glasgow, and attending the Divinity School at Selkirk, near Edinburg, Scotland. He came to America in 1796, "as a minister of that pious and respectable body of Christians, the Associate Reformed Seceders, and offshoot of old Scotch Presbyterians in Scotland". It was in 1827 that he was chosen as a general missionary of his church, with instructions to visit the scattered people of that denomination, in the state of Ga., Ala., Tenn., and Fla. When he had leave to have a companion in his journey, whom did he choose but his boy friend, our writer of these things, who was a boy of only 14? He says, too, that Mr. Blackstock was a lame old man, and infirm as well. If you ever read the whole of this story, as I have just done, you will have a greatly magnified faith in the goodness of God and His marvelous keeping power concerning His people.

I am going to quote here one paragraph, "The route was circuitous and tedious sometimes we had all the comforts of life, but often not even the necessaries. The sufferings in our journey from Cahaba, Ala., to Florida are vividly remembered. For six days we had only six scanty meals of the coarsest fare. One day we had no bread and twice only a little milk. At night we had to sleep on dry cowhides laid on the dirt floors of the cabin in which we were thankful to get shelter. Our horses fared as badly as ourselves, for we passed through a section of country having few inhabitants, who had lived in it a year or two and were badly supplied with food. Corn sold for

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In Maury Co., Mr. Blackstock had been ordered to meet some other ministers and open a Presbytery to install Rev. Robert H. Galloway over a church a few miles south of Columbia. To be exact, I can say, over Hopewell church eight miles south of Columbia, for this was my old home. This duty being performed "a week or two were pleasantly passed in the delightful land", and later he said, "A land flowing with milk and honey"; and then they went on their way, and when they were returning they met the Synod to report as to the way in which the mission had been fulfilled. The report was entirely satisfactory and Mr. Blackstock was highly commended for his labors and sufferings in the cause of the head of the church "and crossing the Catawba" wrote Mr. Huey, "arrived at the home of my parents after an absence of ten months and four days". As a Missionary, I think I may say that this was "the old and young of it", but a real missionary team. The old was performing his ministry, the young in school for the great life in church and state that lay out before him.

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30.

PARAGRAPH FROM THIS MATERIAL WHICH STRENGTHENS WHAT  
IS HAD ABOUT JAMES HUEY AND ANTRIM JOHN WALKER

After the Revolutionary War, James Huey adopted making wagons as a trade, which he followed for many years, in connection with his farm in support of his family. By the conclusions of the war the property of his mother and family had largely been destroyed by the Tories and British army, and he and brothers had little else than a tolerably good tract of land, on which to make a support, James, however followed his trade, and soon married first Polly Coffe and when she did not live long, afterwards married Feb. 8, 1787 his first love Miss Jane Walker, a daughter of an Irishmerchant of County Antrim, Ireland, by the name of John Walker. John Walker married a Miss Boyd before leaving Ireland.

John Walker had settled in Mecklenburg Co., North Carolina, and pursued his old business by opening a store. Jane was the oldest daughter, and when her father and brothers had fallen into the hands of the British, and two of them sent to Nova Scotia in prison ships, it was her duty to take care of the family as best she could. Being a large muscular woman, with uncommon resolution, she managed to keep some of the property together. Her father had invested most of his means in cattle, and his oldest son Andrew became his herdsman. Being an expert horseman, he organized a company, under authority from the Governor of S.C., of which his cowboys made part, and greatly harassed the enemy in their foraging raids, under Lord Cornwallis and ~~the~~ Rawdon and Col. Tarleton, and at one time, after desperate fight, captured 13 prisnors, and with then affected an exchange of six captives then held in jail at Camden, S.C., among whom his brother Thomas Walker, and the gallant Andrew Jackson, afterwards the distinguished hero of New Orleans. (Capt.) Andrew Walker's name appears with credit in several old histories which I have read. I remember the old man very well when far advanced in life.

My Great Grandfather John Walker says James G. L. Huey had ~~never~~ several sons, as well as daughters. His youngest son was named Thomas, as was the youngest son in 6 generations of Huey-Walker.

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"WALKERS" IN WHAT I AM PLEASED TO CALL THEIR CAVE  
DWELLING PERIOD, OR "WALKERS" AS CAVE DWELLERS

When the history going before was about finished roughly, someone sent me a copy of the Daily Herald, Columbia, Tennessee, March 21 1948, from which I have decided to add an Appendix, founding it on a most interesting article by Judge Hugh Les Webster, which came from his research and interviews, especially with Bedford Matthews, McCains farmer, now above eighty, but still with a most active mind, by which he recalls vividly those things told him as a child.

In a note by the Editor, he says, "In this article Judge Webster shows rather conclusively that there was an established settlement "Walkers" in Maury County almost as early as the time James Robertson settled Nashville and many, many years ahead of the year that Maury was formerly born, 1806". In fact, in the heading of this article we find "Walkers" thriving community in 1780.

My Grandfather A. B. WALKER whose history I have given was born in 1805 in Waxhaw Section, N. C. and when he was 19 or in his early twenties rode away on horseback to join relatives and old neighbors gone before to Maury County, especially by the name Matthews. In 1828 you see that he married Mary Doak Matthews in whose home he found shelter and hospitality on arrival. The Matthews family came in 1804 as did also some Walkers and Murphys, with whom the Matthews tribe intermarried.

The article, said the Editor, was printed in detail, as an important contribution to the early history of Middle Tennessee.

Bedford Matthews, mentioned already, tells the things told him in his boyhood of John Mack, earliest settler, and his son, Billy Mack, abolitionist in a section of slave owners. I remember the large Amis family who belonged to my Grandfather A. B. Walker and who lived on with us long after they were set free. Uncle Lee and Aunt Rachel of precious memory were parents.

Judge Webster was on familiar, yet strange ground, to me when he talked of the old graveyard, in which those early settlers John Mack and his wife Sarah and others were buried, the first John Mack himself, in 1781, many years before a great number came to this section and 25 years before Maury was a county, and of Cave Spring, which was the reason for the settlement known first as "Walkers", before there was a McCain.

You see the hidden has been brought to light since my birth in 1879, only about a mile from the now historic spot of Cave and Graveyard. Judge Webster begins the article with the paragraph, "In a grave hidden many years by dense growth of honeysuckles and shaded by a thick locust grove, lies the remains of one of Tennessee's first settlers, John Mack". This interesting spot is about seven miles south



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Judge Webster has made it easy for us to visit this old cemetery when we go there again, as we have several times in recent years, by saying that on coming south from Columbia to what is now ~~the~~ known as McCains, one mile beyond, as one arrives at the foot of the hill, if turn is made to left through a cattle gap, and down a lane to a gate there the car can be parked, a wire fence on the left of the road climbed, and about one third the way up the hill toward the west and alongside a narrow gorge will be found the grave of John Mack. The grave of John Mack and his wife Sarah is in a large double vault.

Judge Webster quotes Mr. Bedford Matthews as saying that it is a part of the family history that John and Sarah Mack came originally from Pennsylvania; that they were the first settlers in this section; that John Mack built a block house at the Cave spring known as Walkers and enclosed the spring branch in a palisade; that after other settlers came all the neighbors would run to the palisade and block house when the Indians would attack them. Judge Webster thinks it would be meet and proper and very interesting if the historical site should be marked and recognized by the Daughters of the American Revolution in cooperation with the State historical authorities. He would like to see the old block house and the palisade that surrounded it restored, he says, and thinks at any rate Maury County can lay claim to one of the oldest graves in the state.

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In the article from which I am writing, an old map is copied which shows "Walkers" as the only English name spot in all of what is now Tennessee, a spot seven miles south of Columbia, near McCains. In talking of this map we quote what Judge Webster wrote. "There is only one English name of a settlement west of the mountains on this map. That name is "Walkers", about half way between the Cumberland river on the north and the Tennessee river, there shown as "Cherokee" river, on the south. Remember John Mack's grave site was traditionally known in Maury Co. among its early settlers as "Walkers". I remember just here quite well our neighbor John Mack Walker, a son of a brother of my Grandfather Walker who lived between our home and Cullacks which was four miles, and our post office.

The three things Judge Webster gives as outstanding in confirming the location of "Walkers" as shown on the ancient map, "Walkers" position by the Cumberland river on the north and the Tennessee (Cherokee) on the south; a Walker from Virginia did come into the wilderness on an expedition to explore the country and did come into territory now Tennessee; and John Mack was living at "Walkers" long enough to have built a block house and established a community before he died in 1781.

Mrs. John Galloway, Maggie Lou Walker says, "It is part of our family history that one room of the house now standing above cave spring was a log house, and was used as a store and post office named "Walkers". Mrs. Galloway was reared on this farm which was the John E. Walker farm, her father's.

While I left Maury Co. before I finished college, after which I married and served the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church here in U.S. as minister's wife seven years and we went as missionaries to India for fourteen years and have served our same church places and places for the 24 years we have been retired from service abroad, Esquire A. R. Matthews and Mrs. John Galloway, Maggie Lou Walker, on whom Judge Webster has depended, as well as on the older Mr. Bedford Matthews, were my cousins, my schoolmates, my generation. They are all the authority I should need for anything they gave as a fact. Albert Matthews is cousin by my Grandmother Walker who was a Matthews and Maggie Lou Galloway a cousin because her Grandfather Walker and my Grandfather A. B. Walker were brothers.

The next turn to the left, after a visit to Cave Spring and John Mack's old cemetery off John B. Walker's farm, father of Mrs. Galloway, if the Bee Line highway has not changed things, will be about a mile, for we lived eight miles from our County Seat, Columbia, and will lead up to the old A. B. Walker home, located on a

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This view mentioned above is a part of a wonderful circle of some five miles, in which were located five settlements with meeting houses at each, to wit; Walkers, Hopewell, McCains, Bigbyville, and Reeces' Chapel. Graveyards at each of these settlements date back to the earliest in the county. I don't know when Walkers and Hopewell were brought into one, Hopewell, near to highway by a right turn, between the John E. Walker and the A. B. Walker left ~~gallery and all~~ turns, and how proudly stands the old church till this day, slave gallery and all, as one of Maury County's finest landmarks. I have been told that it was considered in its hey-day as the church of some wealth and a place to go "dressed up". While Hopewell was the church of my fathers and my church, we often attend the Methodist church at McCains and the Southern Presbyterian at Reeses' Chapel. They all, the four, still function.

Judge Webster says that Esquire Albert R. Matthews showed him a spot on what was a part of the Gen. Felix Zollicoffer place at Higbyville, the place I knew as the Egbert Wright. The spot mentioned was at very early date known as the meeting house believed by some to have been the famous "Republican Meeting House".

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Esquire Matthews told Judge Webster that the records of Hopewell church show that the congregation of that church met there when first organized. As long as my family lived in Maury Co., while we worshipped at Hopewell near to the Pulaski pike, we buried our dead in the Bigbyville community at the graveyard known as Matthews or Neely's or both. In recent years there is a cemetery at our present Hopewell.

From the deeds of numerous small tracts around Cave Springs, a number of which call to begin in the Spring, and a number of which were to members of the Mack family, it appeared that this was a growing community at this early time. A deed from Lemuel Mack to William Kerr, Book 2, Volume 1, page 203, Register's Office, Maury Co., conveyed 23 acres, beginning in Cave Spring. A description calls for a certain boundary for the 3 acre religious meeting place, which, he says was agreed upon and granted for a camp meeting ground at a meeting of the people, held at the Republican Meeting House. This word Republican interests me for it had largely become obsolete before I opened my eyes in that section.

The following is quoting one clipping from this same article:

"In 1748 Dr. Thomas Walker and others from Virginia explored the country and located lands in southwest Virginia down to the neighborhood now known as Kingsport, Tennessee. Later one of the land companies of that period was the Loyal Land Company; which in 1749 ~~200~~ was granted the right by the Virginia Council to enter and survey 800,000 acres on the west waters. Dr. Thomas Walker was the leading member of this Company and in 1750 he and his five companions undertook to explore a largely unknown region of Tennessee in order to discover a proper place for a settlement. They left Roanoke and proceeded west crossing upper Holston Valley and coming to present Kingsport. They then crossed Clinch River in what is now known as Hancock County, Tennessee. They then arrived at Cape Cap which Walker later named Cumberland Gap. Walker's party cleared land and erected a small log cabin near the present Barbourville, Ky., but the settlement of this country was postponed.

It is not stated in Tennessee history what was the farthest penetration south of Dr. Walker."



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One result of Walker's expedition was the making of an entry of land dated April 6, 1750, in what is now Sullivan Co., Tenn., in the name of Edward Pendleton. On this entry, a grant was made by Virginia in 1756, the first to land in what is now Tenn. Therefore, since Virginia was claiming land west of the Carolinas, it is most probable, Judge Webster thinks, that John Mack, a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia, set out over the same route that Walker and his associates had taken and found this cave spring on the waters of Little Rigby. There, may be, found the deepest penetration of Walker's expedition into wilderness.

Like Judge Webster, I should like to know more of this Dr. Thomas Walker. He wished to examine a diary on his expedition. That would interest me, too, but I wish first of all to know if he is one of the Thomas Walkers I have found so often in my bit of history I have got together. It is given as certain history that the youngest son of the Walkers, for six successive generations, was Thomas Walker. My Antrim County Walker's youngest son was Thomas, son of John Walker who married a Miss Boyd before coming to the Waxhaw section. He had three children who distinguished themselves each in his or her own way.

The article in which Dr. Thomas Walker played a good part makes known that he came from Roanoke, Va. as far as Tenn. for surveying land between Duck river and the Tennessee river, for his own company, of which he made a map. He returned to Sullivan Co. and made a settlement near what is now Kingsport, Tennessee, practiced his profession and there died.

Mr. Bedford Matthews is the son of W. R. N. Matthews (Little Bob) who is in our Matthews line. "Little Bob's" mother was a daughter of John Mack. This links us up with the Cave Dwelling Period.

Kate Walker Ranson  
July 27, 1948

Kate Walker Ranson (Mrs. A.J.) died Nov. 22, 1950  
Dr. Ranson is still pastor of Shiloh - Dec., 1959

S.C.

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DEMOCHATIC WATCHMAN  
BELLEFONTE, PENNA.  
Friday May 6, 1904

WILLIAM P. DUNCAN.- distinguished as a financier and business man, charitable and public spirited as a citizen, one whose life and character gave caste to the personnel of the entire county. William P. Duncan, of Philipsburg, passed away in Baltimore, Md., on Tuesday evening. Most of the winter his life was despaired of because of an attack of grip that culminated in pneumonia and heart trouble, but lately he had been so much better as to be able to leave home, for travel which had been suggested as a means to more complete recovery. Consequently the announcement of his death was a great shock. Mr. Duncan was born at Lewisburg in 1838. He was a son of O. P. Duncan, of Aaronsburg; His mother having been Susan Potter, of Potters Mills, both distinguished families in Center County annals. For years he was head of the firm of William P. Duncan and company, founders and machinists in this place, and after disposing of his interests in that business he located in Philipsburg, where he soon forged to the front among the business men and capitalists of that town. At the time of his death he was President of the First National bank, owner of the Sandy Ridge fire brick works, associated with the Hastings and Spangler interests in extensive coal operations and identified with many of the local enterprises of his adopted town. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lena Derringer, of Philadelphia, and two daughters, Misses Mildred and Natalie. Four sisters also survive; They are Mrs. M. S. Mitchell, Mrs. George F. Foot, Mrs. D. A. Irvin and Mrs. M. B. Tesson, all of Washington, D. C.

TWO DEATHS IN ONE FAMILY.-

MRS. SARAH PARKS, widow of George E. Parks formerly a resident of Bellefonte, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Fowler, in Roanoke, Va., on Tuesday night. She had been making her home with her daughter for the past year and in the fall, suffered the first stroke, a second following in the winter, then the last one a few days before her death. Deceased was 70 years, four months and 3 days old. She was a zealous christian woman, a member of the United brethren church and a most devoted mother to the large family of children who survive her as follows: William H., John G., Alonzo, James, George, Porter and Mrs. Fowler. Her body was brought here yesterday and interment will be made in the Union cemetery today.

WILLIAM PARKS, a promising young man of 20 years, a son of John Parks of Renova, was in Roanoke, with his father on a visit to his grandmother when he contracted typhoid pneumonia and died there on Sunday morning. His body was brought here yesterday also and buried directly from the train.

MILES WALKER, of Cato, died in the Lock Haven Hospital on Sunday, April 24, 1904. He had been a sufferer for several years, but his disease did not become serious until a few months before his death. He leaves a widow and five children, Ida, Toner, Bessie, Jerome and James. A daughter preceded him to the grave ten years ago. Deceased was a son of James and Rachel Walker, his mother surviving him at the age of 85 years. He was 52 years, 7 months and 7 days old. Of his sisters and brothers, Taylor Walker, of Centre Oak; Potter and Edward of Cato, and Mrs. Jerome Confer, of Yarnell, survive. Interment was made in the Disciple cemetery at Romola, with Rev. Frick officiating. [b. Sept. 17, 1851; d. Apr. 24, 1904].